Number 2

RIVERSIDE LITERATURE SERIES

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH: ELIZABETH

BY

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

PUBLIC INSTRUCTION
LIBRARY

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
BOSTON, NEW YORK, AND CHICAGO
The Riverside Press Cambridge

Price, paper, 15 cents; linen, 25 cents.

*Riverside Literature Series

All prices are net, postpaid.

1. Longfellow's Evangeline. *Paper*, .15; *linen*, .25. Nos. 1, 4, and 30, one vol., *linen*, .50.
2. Longfellow's Courtship of Miles Standish; Elizabeth. *Pa.*, .15; *linen*, .25.
3. A Dramatization of The Courtship of Miles Standish. *Paper*, .15.
4. Whittier's Snow-Bound, etc. *Paper*, .15; *linen*, .25.
5. Whittier's Mabel Martin, etc. *Paper*, .15. Nos. 4, 5, one vol., *linen*, .40.
6. Holmes's Grandmother's Story of Bunker Hill Battle, etc. *Paper*, .15; *linen*, .25. Nos. 6, 31, one vol., *linen*, .40.

7, 8, 9. Hawthorne's Grandfather's Chair. In three parts. Each, *paper*, .15. Nos. 7, 8, 9, complete, one vol., *linen*, .50.

10. Hawthorne's Biographical Series. *Paper*, .15; *linen*, .25. Nos. 29, 10, one vol., *linen*, .40.
11. Longfellow's Children's Hour, etc. *Pa.*, .15. Nos. 11, 63, one vol., *linen*, .40.
12. Outlines — Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, and Lowell. *Paper*, .15.

13, 14. Longfellow's Song of Hiawatha. In two parts, each, *paper*, .15. Nos. 13, 14, complete, one vol., *linen*, .40.

15. Lowell's Under the Old Elm, etc. *Pa.*, .15. Nos. 30, 15, one vol., *lin.*, .40.
16. Bayard Taylor's Lars. *Paper*, .15; *linen*, .25.

17, 18. Hawthorne's Wonder-Book. In two parts, each. *paper*, .15. Nos. 17, 18, complete, one vol., *linen*, .40.

19, 20. Franklin's Autobiography. In two parts, each, *paper*, .15. Nos. 19, 20, complete, one vol., *linen*, .40.

21. Franklin's Poor Richard's Almanac, etc. *Paper*, .15.

22, 23. Hawthorne's Tanglewood Tales. In two parts, each, *paper*, .15. Nos. 22, 23, one vol., *linen*, .40.

24. Washington's Farewell Addresses, etc. *Paper*, .15; *linen*, .25.

25, 26. Longfellow's Golden Legend. In two parts, each, *paper*, .15. Nos. 25, 26, one vol., *linen*, .40.

27. Thoreau's Forest Trees, etc. *Paper*, .15. Nos. 28, 37, 27, one vol., *linen*, .50.
28. Burroughs's Birds and Bees. *Paper*, .15. Nos. 28, 36, one vol., *linen*, .40.
29. Hawthorne's Little Daffydowndilly, etc. *Paper*, .15; *linen*, .25.
30. Lowell's Vision of Sir Launfal, etc. *Paper*, .15; *linen*, .25.
31. Holmes's My Hunt after the Captain, etc. *Paper*, .15.
32. Lincoln's Gettysburg Speech, etc. *Paper*, .15. Nos. 133, 32, one vol., *linen*, .40.

33, 34, 35. Longfellow's Tales of a Wayside Inn. In three parts, each, *pa.*, .15. Nos. 33, 34, 35, complete, one vol., *linen*, .50.

36. Burroughs's Sharp Eyes, etc. *Paper*, .15; *linen*, .25.
37. Warner's A-Hunting of the Deer, etc. *Paper*, .15; *linen*, .25.
38. Longfellow's Building of the Ship, etc. *Paper*, .15.
39. Lowell's Books and Libraries, etc. *Paper*, .15. Nos. 39, 123, one vol., *linen*, .40.
40. Hawthorne's Tales of the White Hills, etc. *Paper*, .15. Nos 40, 69, one vol., *linen*, .40.
41. Whittier's Tent on the Beach, etc. *Paper*, .15.
42. Emerson's Fortune of the Republic, etc. *Paper*, .15.
43. Ulysses among the Phæacians. BRYANT. *Paper*, .15; *linen*, .25.
44. Edgeworth's Waste Not, Want Not, etc. *Paper*, .15.
45. Macaulay's Lays of Ancient Rome. *Paper*, .15; *linen*, .25.
46. Old Testament Stories in Scripture Language. *Paper*, .15.

47, 48. Scudder's Fables and Folk Stories. In two parts, each, *paper*, .15. Nos. 47, 48, complete, one vol., *linen*, .40.

49, 50. Andersen's Stories. In two parts, each, *paper*, .15. Nos. 49, 50, one vol., *linen*, .40.

51. Irving's Rip Van Winkle, etc. *Paper*, .15.
52. Irving's The Voyage, etc. *Paper*, .15. Nos. 51, 52, one vol., *linen*, .40.
53. Scott's Lady of the Lake. *Paper*, .30. *Also, in Rolfe's Students' Series, to Teachers*, .53.
54. Bryant's Thanatopsis, etc. *Paper*, .15; *linen*, .25.
55. Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice. *Paper*, .15; *linen*, .25. Nos. 55, 67 one vol., *linen*, .40.
56. Webster's First Bunker Hill Oration, etc. *Paper*, .15; *linen*, .25.
57. Dickens's Christmas Carol. *Paper*, .15; *linen*, .25.
58. Dickens's Cricket on the Hearth. *Pa.*, .15. Nos 57, 58, one vol., *linen*, .40.
59. Verse and Prose for Beginners in Reading. *Paper*, .15; *linen*, .25.

60, 61. Addison and Steele's The Sir Roger de Coverley Papers. In two parts. Each, *paper*, .15. Nos. 60, 61, one vol., *linen* 40

62 Fiske's War of Independence. *Paper*, .30; *linen* 40

The Riverside Literature Series

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH: ELIZABETH

BY

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

WITH EXPLANATORY NOTES

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
Boston: 4 Park Street; New York: 85 Fifth Avenue
Chicago: 378-388 Wabash Avenue
The Riverside Press Cambridge

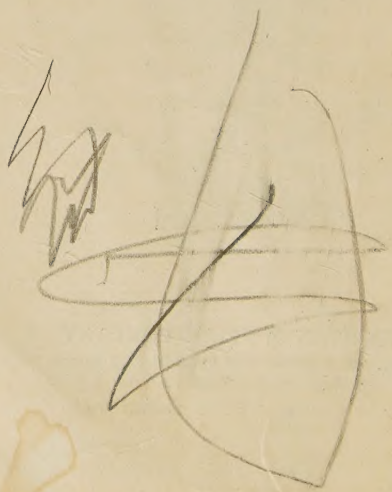
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY *are the only authorized publishers of the works of* LONGFELLOW, WHITTIER, LOWELL, HOLMES, EMERSON, THOREAU, *and* HAWTHORNE. *All editions which lack the imprint or authorization of Houghton Mifflin Company are issued without the consent and contrary to the wishes of the authors or their heirs.*

Copyright, 1858, and 1873,
BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Copyright, 1883, and 1888,
BY HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.

Copyright, 1886,
BY ERNEST W. LONGFELLOW.

All rights reserved.



INTRODUCTION.

MILES STANDISH, born it has been conjectured about 1580, served as lieutenant in Queen Elizabeth's forces in the Netherlands, remained in or revisited that country in later years, became interested in the congregation of his countrymen at Leyden, and in their pastor, Robinson, and liking them and their principles, though he was not a member of their church, he joined the company who sailed in the Mayflower. He was not only the military leader, wise as well as valiant, of the Pilgrims, but filled more than one civil office of responsibility and trust. In 1630 he removed to Duxbury, so called from his ancestral home, and lived the remainder of his life in a house at the foot of Captain's Hill, whose name preserves the memory of his dwelling there. He died October 3, 1656, held in honor by all the colonists till the end of his days. That to the last he stoutly maintained his right to the great family inheritance which he believed should have been his, is shown in his will drawn up the year before his death, wherein he bequeaths those estates "surreptitiously detained from me" to his eldest son, as the lawful heir thereto.

When, in the cabin of the Mayflower, the Pilgrims set their hands to the compact by which they solemnly combined themselves "together into a civil body politic," one of the twelve signers — there were forty-

one in all — who were entitled to have Mr. placed before their names, was William Mullins, whose surname, after a habit of the time, was variously spelled. On February 23, Bradford notes: "Die Mr. William White, Mr. William Mullins with two more. This month seventeen of our number die." Mr. Mullins, the father of Priscilla, is described as "a man pious and well-deserving, endowed with a considerable outward estate; and had it been the will of God that he had survived, might have proved a useful instrument in his place." In reading of the cruel hardships and sufferings of the devoted little band during that sad winter, it is some slight relief to know that it was a season of unusual mildness, — "such as was never seen here since," was declared in after years. Yet at its close the governor writes: "In three months past dies half our company; the greatest part in the depth of winter; the living scarce able to bury the dead; the well not sufficient to tend the sick, there being in their time of greatest distress, but six or seven, who spare no pains to help them." Two of the seven were Mr. Brewster, their reverend elder, and Miles Standish, their captain.

Early after the landing at the place selected for their habitation, they planned their village, — Fort Hill, where their cannon were to be placed, and from the foot of this hill "a fair street" running to the seashore. In this street, now called Leyden Street, but then First Street or simply The Street, only seven small dwellings, beside the Common House and storehouses, were erected during the first year. The houses and their garden plots were close together, so that for safety they could "impale them round." The weaker members of the company must have remained on the

Mayflower till the spring. The best description of New Plymouth, as it was then called, is that of Secretary de Rasières of the Dutch Colony, who visited it in 1627. After depicting the little town he says, "Upon the hill they have a large square house with a flat roof stayed with oak beams, upon the top of which they have six cannons, commanding the surrounding country. The lower part they use for their church, where they preach on Sundays and the usual holidays. They assemble by beat of drum, each with his musket or firelock, in front of the Captain's door; they have their cloaks on and place themselves in order three abreast, and are led by a sergeant without beat of drum. Behind comes the Governor in a long robe; beside him on the right hand comes the preacher, and on the left hand the Captain, and so they march in good order, and each sets his arms down near him. Thus they are constantly on their guard night and day." Life was ordered with dignity and decorum in that little community of God-fearing exiles on the verge of the wilderness; but as their numbers increased and dangers lessened, it is not wonderful that many longed for more spacious habitations outside the narrow town limits, and to the regret of the good Governor even some of the "first-comers" sought wide farm lands in the country round, as did Standish, Alden, and others in founding Duxbury.

In reading the modest, unadorned narratives of the historians of that small company, so much more impressive than most of the eloquent tributes of later times, like Bradford one "stands amazed at those poor people's condition." And as in simple, moving words he shows what that condition was, his closing sentences seem the only rightful ending: "Our

fathers were Englishmen, which came over the ocean and were ready to perish in the wilderness. When they wandered in the wilderness and out of the way, and found no city to dwell in, both hungry and thirsty their soul was overwhelmed in them. But they cried unto the Lord, and he heard their voice, and looked on their adversity. Let them confess before the Lord his lovingkindness and his wonderful works before the children of men."

Longfellow, who through his mother was a descendant of John Alden, had at first intended to write a drama on the Courtship of Miles Standish, and in December, 1856, records that he had made some progress in it. But a year later he says: "I begin a new poem, Priscilla, to be a kind of Puritan pastoral. This I think will be a better treatment of the subject than the dramatic one. The poem will be an idyl of the Old Colony times, a bunch of mayflowers from the Plymouth woods. What it will turn out I do not know, but it gives me pleasure to write it, and that I count for something." This pleasure continued till the end; he worked steadily and rapidly, and the poem, now given its present title, was finished in March, 1858. Then came the inevitable reaction. "Printing Miles Standish and seeing all its defects as it stands before me in type. It is always disagreeable when the glow of composition is over to criticize what one has been in love with." But any doubt as to its reception was soon set at rest. The poem was published in the following October, and at once obtained a popularity, both in America and in England, which has proved enduring.

SCRIPTURE REFERENCES.

THERE was one Book so familiar to even the humblest of the Pilgrims, that it became a part of themselves. It colored their ordinary thoughts, and often gave dignity and distinction to their common speech. But in moments of excitement, danger, distress, or any deep emotion, its supplications, its aspiration, its psalms of penitence or praise, its triumphant prophecies, seemed the natural expression of feeling to those who in the wilderness never lost the vision of the City of God which was the goal of their Pilgrimage. A real knowledge of the Bible was a general possession of their descendants, after the lapse of two centuries, and Longfellow uses it often, directly and indirectly, in his Old Colony poem, thus helping to give it the true atmosphere of the place and time.

Some words of John Alden (lines 32, 33) are an excellent illustration of the Puritan use of Biblical imagery. Standish (line 133) quotes almost verbally Genesis ii. 18. "No man having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God" (S. Luke ix. 62) is used both in speech and in description (lines 245, 600). The burden of Psalm cxxxvi. (line 248) cheered the darkest days. Hebrew history and story are brought to mind in lines 361–364 (2 Samuel xi., xii. 1–14); 490 (2 Samuel xxiii.); 755 (1 Samuel xvii., Deuteronomy iii. 1–11); 936 (Ruth iv. 10, 11); 1013 (Numbers xiii. 23, 24); and 1015 (Genesis xxiv.). The departure of the children of

Israel from Egypt, and their passage through the Red Sea (Exodus xiv.), are figuratively used in lines 376–379; as are Revelation xix. 7 in line 388, Genesis ii. 10–14 in lines 664, 665, and Exodus xxx. 17–19 in line 931. Scriptural phraseology is used in lines 507 (Isaiah lii. 7) and 611 (Ephesians v. 18); while direct Scripture references or little changed quotations are found in 437 (S. Matthew vi. 4), 468 and 469 (Acts ii. 1–4), 613 and 820 (Acts xxviii. 15), 641 (2 Samuel xiv. 14), 834 (Hebrews xi. 34), and 917 (S. Matthew xix. 6). The praise of the virtuous woman, lines 857–864, is epitomized from Proverbs xxxi. 10–31.

It must be remembered in reading chronicles left by the Pilgrims, that Scriptural texts quoted by them are from the Genevan Bible, a translation made by exiles in Geneva in the reign of Queen Mary, and published in 1560. Many of the "first comers"[1] had left England before King James's Authorized Version was printed in 1611, and probably to the end of their lives they used the translation that had come to them from their fathers.

[1] Those that came in the Mayflower, the Fortune, and the Anne were in after years called the "first comers" or the "old comers," a distinction held in honor by all the colonists. Of the signers of the Compact, John Alden was the last survivor, dying in 1687, in his eighty-ninth year.

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH.

THIS poem, like *Evangeline*, written in hexameters, has a lighter movement, due to the more playful character of the narrative. A slight change of accent in the first line prepares one for this livelier pace, and the reader will find that the lights and shades of the story use whatever elasticity there is in the hexameter, crisp, varying lines alternating with the steady pulse of the dactyl. The poet has built upon a slight tradition which has come down to us from the days of the Plymouth settlement, a story which depicts in a succession of scenes the life of the Old Colony. In doing this he has not cared to follow explicitly the succession of events, but has been true to the general history of the time, and has in each picture copied faithfully the essential characteristics of the original. He has taken the somewhat dry and unimaginative chronicles of the time, and touched them with a poetic light and warmth, and the reader of this poem who resumes such a book as Dr. Young's *Chronicles of the Pilgrims* will find the simple story of the early settlers to have gained in beauty.

I.

MILES STANDISH.

IN the Old Colony days, in Plymouth the land of the Pilgrims,
To and fro in a room of his simple and primitive dwelling,

1. The *Old Colony* is the name which has long been applied to that part of Massachusetts which was occupied by the Plymouth colonists whose first settlement was in 1620. Massachusetts Bay was the name by which was known the later collection of settlements made about Boston and Salem.

2. The first houses of the Pilgrims were of logs filled in with mortar and covered with thatch.

Clad in doublet and hose, and boots of Cordovan leather,
Strode, with a martial air, Miles Standish the Puritan Captain.
Buried in thought he seemed, with his hands behind him, and pausing
Ever and anon to behold his glittering weapons of warfare,
Hanging in shining array along the walls of the chamber, —
Cutlass and corselet of steel, and his trusty sword of Damascus,
Curved at the point and inscribed with its mystical Arabic sentence,
While underneath, in a corner, were fowling-piece, musket, and matchlock.

3. Cordova in Spain was celebrated for a preparation of goat-skin which took the name of Cordovan. Hence came cordwain, or Spanish tanned goat-skin, and in England shoemakers are still often called cordwainers. In France, too, the same word gave *cordonnier*.

8. The corselet was a light breastplate of armor. One of Standish's grandsons is said to have been in possession of his coat-of-mail. His sword is in the cabinet of the Massachusetts Historical Society. As "the identical sword-blade used by Miles Standish" is also in possession of the Pilgrim Society of Plymouth, the antiquary may take his choice between them, or credit Standish with a change of weapons. Damascus blades are swords or cimeters presenting upon their surface a variegated appearance of watering, as white, silvery, or black veins in fine lines and fillets. Such engraved blades were common in the East, and the most famous came from Damascus ; the exact secret of the workmanship has never been fully discovered in the West.

10. A *fowling-piece* is a light gun for shooting birds ; a *matchlock* was a musket, the lock of which held a match or piece of twisted rope prepared to retain fire. As late as 1687 matchlocks were used instead of flint-locks, which had then come into

Short of stature he was, but strongly built and athletic,
Broad in the shoulders, deep-chested, with muscles and sinews of iron;
Brown as a nut was his face, but his russet beard was already
Flaked with patches of snow, as hedges sometimes in November.
Near him was seated John Alden, his friend and household companion,
Writing with diligent speed at a table of pine by the window;
Fair-haired, azure-eyed, with delicate Saxon complexion,
Having the dew of his youth, and the beauty thereof, as the captives

general use. In Bradford and Winslow's Journal (Young's *Chronicles of the Pilgrims*, p. 125), we are told of a party setting out "with every man his musket, sword, and corselet, under the conduct of Captain Miles Standish." That these muskets were matchlocks, appears from another passage in the same journal (p. 142): "Then we lighted all our matches and prepared ourselves, concluding that we were near their dwellings."

15. Bradford, the historian of the Plymouth Plantation, says that John Alden, who was one of the Mayflower company, "was hired for a cooper at Southampton, where the ship victualled; and being a hopeful young man, was much desired, but left to his own liking to go or stay when he came here [to Plymouth, that is]; but he stayed and married here." In this picture of Miles Standish and John Alden, some have professed to see a miniature likeness to Oliver Cromwell and John Milton.

18. The story of the first mission to heathen England is referred to here. A monk named Gregory, in the sixth century, passed through the slave-market at Rome, and there amongst other captives he saw three fair-complexioned and fair-haired boys, in striking contrast to the dusky captives about them. He asked whence they came, and was answered, "From Britain," and that

Whom Saint Gregory saw, and exclaimed, "Not Angles but Angels."
Youngest of all was he of the men who came in the Mayflower.

Suddenly breaking the silence, the diligent scribe interrupting,
Spake, in the pride of his heart, Miles Standish the Captain of Plymouth.
"Look at these arms," he said, "the warlike weapons that hang here
Burnished and bright and clean, as if for parade or inspection!
This is the sword of Damascus I fought with in Flanders; this breastplate,
Well I remember the day! once saved my life in a skirmish;
Here in front you can see the very dint of the bullet
Fired point-blank at my heart by a Spanish arcabucero.

they were called *Angli*, which was the Latin form of the name by which they called themselves, and from which Anglo, England, and English are derived. "*Non Angli sed Angeli*," replied Gregory; "they have the face of angels, not of Angles, and they ought to be fellow heirs of heaven." Years afterward, the story runs, when Gregory was pope, he remembered the fair captives, and sent St. Augustine to carry Christianity to them. The story will be found at length in E. A. Freeman's *Old English History for Children*, p. 44.

25. The history of Miles Standish is not clearly known, but he was a soldier in the Low Countries during the defence of the Netherlands against the Spanish power, and the poet has made much of this little knowledge that we have.

28. *Arcabucero* is Spanish for archer, and the same term passed over, as weapons changed, into a musketeer and gunsmith.

Had it not been of sheer steel, the forgotten bones of Miles Standish
Would at this moment be mould, in their grave in the Flemish morasses."
Thereupon answered John Alden, but looked not up from his writing:
"Truly the breath of the Lord hath slackened the speed of the bullet;
He in his mercy preserved you, to be our shield and our weapon!"
Still the Captain continued, unheeding the words of the stripling:
"See, how bright they are burnished, as if in an arsenal hanging;
That is because I have done it myself, and not left it to others.
Serve yourself, would you be well served, is an excellent adage;
So I take care of my arms, as you of your pens and your inkhorn.
Then, too, there are my soldiers, my great, invincible army,
Twelve men, all equipped, having each his rest and his matchlock,

38. There is some uncertainty about the derivation of the word *inkhorn*. The usual interpretation refers to the custom of scribes carrying ink in a horn attached to their dress, but some etymologists make it a corruption from *inkern*, the terminations *erne* and *eron* coming from the Saxon *ern*, *earn*, a secret place to put anything in, *inkern* being thus a little vessel into which we put ink.

39. The formation of the military company was due chiefly to the serious losses that befell the Pilgrims during the first winter, leading them to make careful provision against surprises and attacks from the Indians.

Eighteen shillings a month, together with diet and pillage,
And, like Cæsar, I know the name of each of my soldiers!"
This he said with a smile, that danced in his eyes, as the sunbeams
Dance on the waves of the sea, and vanish again in a moment.
Alden laughed as he wrote, and still the Captain continued:
"Look! you can see from this window my brazen howitzer planted
High on the roof of the church, a preacher who speaks to the purpose,
Steady, straightforward, and strong, with irresistible logic,
Orthodox, flashing conviction right into the hearts of the heathen.
Now we are ready, I think, for any assault of the Indians:
Let them come, if they like, and the sooner they try it the better, —
Let them come if they like, be it sagamore, sachem, or pow-wow,
Aspinet, Samoset, Corbitant, Squanto, or Tokamahamon!"

47. One of the earliest structures raised by the Pilgrims was a platform upon the hill overlooking the settlement, where they mounted five guns. They had also a common house for rendezvous, twenty feet square, but the planting of guns upon the log-built meeting-house belongs to a later date.

52. The *sagamore* was an Indian chief of the subordinate class; the *sachem* a principal chief; the *pow-wow* a medicine man or conjurer.

53. Names of Indians who are mentioned in the early chronicles.

Long at the window he stood, and wistfully gazed on the landscape,
Washed with a cold gray mist, the vapory breath of the east-wind,
Forest and meadow and hill, and the steel-blue rim of the ocean,
Lying silent and sad, in the afternoon shadows and sunshine.
Over his countenance flitted a shadow like those on the landscape,
Gloom intermingled with light; and his voice was subdued with emotion,
Tenderness, pity, regret, as after a pause he proceeded:
"Yonder there, on the hill by the sea, lies buried Rose Standish;
Beautiful rose of love, that bloomed for me by the wayside!
She was the first to die of all who came in the Mayflower!
Green above her is growing the field of wheat we have sown there,
Better to hide from the Indian scouts the graves of our people,
Lest they should count them and see how many already have perished!"
Sadly his face he averted, and strode up and down and was thoughtful.

Fixed to the opposite wall was a shelf of books, and among them

64. The dead were buried on a bluff by the water-side during that first terrible winter, and the marks of burial were carefully effaced, lest the Indians should discover how the colony had been weakened. The tradition is preserved in Holmes's *Annals*.

Prominent three, distinguished alike for bulk and for binding;
Barriffe's Artillery Guide, and the Commentaries of Cæsar,
Out of the Latin translated by Arthur Goldinge of London,
And, as if guarded by these, between them was standing the Bible.
Musing a moment before them, Miles Standish paused, as if doubtful
Which of the three he should choose for his consolation and comfort,
Whether the wars of the Hebrews, the famous campaigns of the Romans,
Or the Artillery practice, designed for belligerent Christians.
Finally down from its shelf he dragged the ponderous Roman,
Seated himself at the window, and opened the book, and in silence

70. The elaborate title of Standish's military book was: "Militarie Discipline: or the Young Artillery Man, Wherein is Discoursed and Shown the Postures both of Musket and Pike, the Exactest way, &c., Together with the Exercise of the Foot in their Motions, with much variety: As also, diverse and several Forms for the Imbatteling small or great Bodies demonstrated by the number of a single Company with their Reducements. Very necessary for all such as are Studious in the Art Military. Whereunto is also added the Postures and Beneficiall Use of the Halfe-Pike joyned with the Musket. With the way to draw up the Swedish Brigade. By Colonel William Barriffe." Barriffe was a Puritan, and added to his title-page: "Psalmes 144: 1. Blessed be the Lord my Strength which teacheth my hands to warre and my fingers to fight."

71. Goldinge was a voluminous translator, and his translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* was highly regarded. He was patronized by Sir Philip Sidney.

Turned o'er the well-worn leaves, where thumb-marks thick on the margin,
Like the trample of feet, proclaimed the battle was hottest.
Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling,
Busily writing epistles important, to go by the May-flower,
Ready to sail on the morrow, or next day at latest, God willing!
Homeward bound with the tidings of all that terrible winter,
Letters written by Alden, and full of the name of Priscilla,
Full of the name and the fame of the Puritan maiden Priscilla!

II.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling,
Or an occasional sigh from the laboring heart of the Captain,
Reading the marvellous words and achievements of Julius Cæsar.
After a while he exclaimed, as he smote with his hand, palm downwards,

82. The Mayflower began her return voyage April 5, 1621. Not a single one of the emigrants returned in her, in spite of the "terrible winter."

85. Among the names of the Mayflower company are those of "Mr. William Mullines and his wife, and 2 children, Joseph and Priscila; and a servant, Robart Carter."

Heavily on the page: "A wonderful man was this Cæsar!
You are a writer, and I am a fighter, but here is a fellow
Who could both write and fight, and in both was equally skilful!"
Straightway answered and spake John Alden, the comely, the youthful:
"Yes, he was equally skilled, as you say, with his pen and his weapons.
Somewhere have I read, but where I forget, he could dictate
Seven letters at once, at the same time writing his memoirs."
"Truly," continued the Captain, not heeding or hearing the other,
"Truly a wonderful man was Caius Julius Cæsar!
Better be first, he said, in a little Iberian village,
Than be second in Rome, and I think he was right when he said it.
Twice was he married before he was twenty, and many times after;
Battles five hundred he fought, and a thousand cities he conquered;
He, too, fought in Flanders, as he himself has recorded;

100. "In his journey, as he was crossing the Alps and passing by a small village of the barbarians with but few inhabitants, and those wretchedly poor, his companions asked the question among themselves by way of mockery if there were any canvassing for offices there; any contention which should be uppermost, or feuds of great men one against another. To which Cæsar made answer seriously, 'For my part I had rather be the first man among these fellows, than the second man in Rome.'" Plutarch's *Life of Cæsar*, A. H. Clough's translation.

Finally he was stabbed by his friend, the orator Brutus!

Now, do you know what he did on a certain occasion in Flanders,
When the rear-guard of his army retreated, the front giving way too,
And the immortal Twelfth Legion was crowded so closely together
There was no room for their swords? Why, he seized a shield from a soldier,
Put himself straight at the head of his troops, and commanded the captains,
Calling on each by his name, to order forward the ensigns;
Then to widen the ranks, and give more room for their weapons;
So he won the day, the battle of something-or-other.
That 's what I always say; if you wish a thing to be well done,
You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others!"

All was silent again; the Captain continued his reading.
Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling
Writing epistles important to go next day by the Mayflower,
Filled with the name and the fame of the Puritan maiden Priscilla;
Every sentence began or closed with the name of Priscilla,

113. The account of this battle will be found in *Cæsar's Commentaries*, book II. ch. 10.

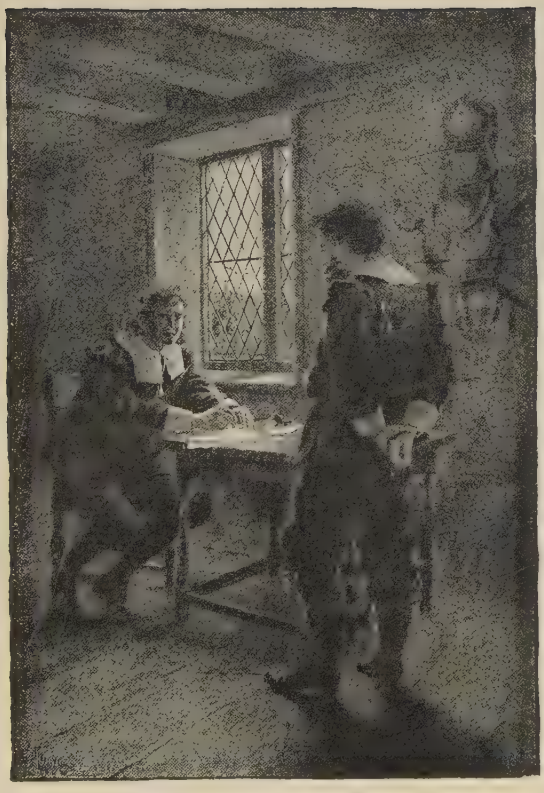
Till the treacherous pen, to which he confided the secret,
Strove to betray it by singing and shouting the name of Priscilla!
Finally closing his book, with a bang of the ponderous cover,
Sudden and loud as the sound of a soldier grounding his musket,
Thus to the young man spake Miles Standish the Captain of Plymouth:
"When you have finished your work, I have something important to tell you.
Be not however in haste; I can wait; I shall not be impatient!"
Straightway Alden replied, as he folded the last of his letters,
Pushing his papers aside, and giving respectful attention:
"Speak; for whenever you speak, I am always ready to listen,
Always ready to hear whatever pertains to Miles Standish."
Thereupon answered the Captain, embarrassed, and culling his phrases:
"'T is not good for a man to be alone, say the Scriptures.
This I have said before, and again and again I repeat it;
Every hour in the day, I think it, and feel it, and say it.
Since Rose Standish died, my life has been weary and dreary;
Sick at heart have I been, beyond the healing of friendship.

Oft in my lonely hours have I thought of the maiden Priscilla.
She is alone in the world; her father and mother and brother
Died in the winter together; I saw her going and coming,
Now to the grave of the dead, and now to the bed of the dying,
Patient, courageous, and strong, and said to myself, that if ever
There were angels on earth, as there are angels in heaven,
Two have I seen and known; and the angel whose name is Priscilla
Holds in my desolate life the place which the other abandoned.
Long have I cherished the thought, but never have dared to reveal it,
Being a coward in this, though valiant enough for the most part.
Go to the damsel Priscilla, the loveliest maiden of Plymouth,
Say that a blunt old Captain, a man not of words but of actions,
Offers his hand and his heart, the hand and heart of a soldier.
Not in these words, you know, but this in short is my meaning;
I am a maker of war, and not a maker of phrases.

139. "Mr. Molines, and his wife, his soue and his servant, dyed the first winter. Only his daughter Priscila survived and married with John Alden, who are both living and have 11 children." Bradford's *History of Plymouth Plantation*, p. 152.

You, who are bred as a scholar, can say it in elegant language,
Such as you read in your books of the pleadings and wooings of lovers,
Such as you think best adapted to win the heart of a maiden."

When he had spoken, John Alden, the fair-haired, taciturn stripling,
All aghast at his words, surprised, embarrassed, bewildered,
Trying to mask his dismay by treating the subject with lightness,
Trying to smile, and yet feeling his heart stand still in his bosom,
Just as a timepiece stops in a house that is stricken by lightning,
Thus made answer and spake, or rather stammered than answered:
'Such a message as that, I am sure I should mangle and mar it;
If you would have it well done, — I am only repeating your maxim, —
You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others!"
But with the air of a man whom nothing can turn from his purpose,
Gravely shaking his head, made answer the Captain of Plymouth:
"Truly the maxim is good, and I do not mean to gainsay it;
But we must use it discreetly, and not waste powder for nothing.



SURELY YOU CANNOT REFUSE

Now, as I said before, I was never a maker of phrases.
I can march up to a fortress and summon the place to surrender,
But march up to a woman with such a proposal, I dare not.
I 'm not afraid of bullets, nor shot from the mouth of a cannon,
But of a thundering 'No!' point-blank from the mouth of a woman,
That I confess I 'm afraid of, nor am I ashamed to confess it!
So you must grant my request, for you are an elegant scholar,
Having the graces of speech, and skill in the turning of phrases."
Taking the hand of his friend, who still was reluctant and doubtful,
Holding it long in his own, and pressing it kindly, he added:
"Though I have spoken thus lightly, yet deep is the feeling that prompts me;
Surely you cannot refuse what I ask in the name of our friendship!"
Then made answer John Alden: "The name of friendship is sacred;
What you demand in that name, I have not the power to deny you!"
So the strong will prevailed, subduing and moulding the gentler,
Friendship prevailed over love, and Alden went on his errand.

III.

THE LOVER'S ERRAND.

So the strong will prevailed, and Alden went on his errand,
Out of the street of the village, and into the paths of the forest,
Into the tranquil woods, where bluebirds and robins were building
Towns in the populous trees, with hanging gardens of verdure,
Peaceful, aerial cities of joy and affection and freedom.
All around him was calm, but within him commotion and conflict,
Love contending with friendship, and self with each generous impulse.
To and fro in his breast his thoughts were heaving and dashing,
As in a foundering ship, with every roll of the vessel,
Washes the bitter sea, the merciless surge of the ocean!
"Must I relinquish it all," he cried with a wild lamentation, —
"Must I relinquish it all, the joy, the hope, the illusion?
Was it for this I have loved, and waited, and worshipped in silence?
Was it for this I have followed the flying feet and the shadow

188. Compare the *populous nests* in Evangeline, l. 136. In the *hanging gardens of verdure* there is reference to the famous hanging gardens of Babylon.

Over the wintry sea, to the desolate shores of New England?
Truly the heart is deceitful, and out of its depths of corruption
Rise, like an exhalation, the misty phantoms of passion;
Angels of light they seem, but are only delusions of Satan.
All is clear to me now; I feel it, I see it distinctly!
This is the hand of the Lord; it is laid upon me in anger,
For I have followed too much the heart's desires and devices,
Worshipping Astaroth blindly, and impious idols of Baal.
This is the cross I must bear; the sin and the swift retribution."

So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went on his errand;
Crossing the brook at the ford, where it brawled over pebble and shallow,
Gathering still, as he went, the Mayflowers blooming around him,
Fragrant, filling the air with a strange and wonderful sweetness,

206. *Astaroth*, in the Old Testament Scripture, is the form used for the principal female divinity, as *Baal* of the principal male divinity of the Phœnicians.

210. The *Mayflower* is the well-known *Epigœa repens*, sometimes also called the Trailing Arbutus. The name *Mayflower* was familiar in England, as the application of it to the historic ship shows, but it was applied by the English, and is still, to the hawthorn. Its use here in connection with *Epigœa repens* dates from a very early day, some claiming that the first Pilgrims so used it, in affectionate memory of the vessel and its English flower associations.

Children lost in the woods, and covered with leaves in their slumber.
"Puritan flowers," he said, "and the type of Puritan maidens,
Modest and simple and sweet, the very type of Priscilla!
So I will take them to her; to Priscilla the Mayflower of Plymouth,
Modest and simple and sweet, as a parting gift will I take them;
Breathing their silent farewells, as they fade and wither and perish,
Soon to be thrown away as is the heart of the giver."
So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went on his errand;
Came to an open space, and saw the disk of the ocean,
Sailless, sombre and cold with the comfortless breath of the east-wind;
Saw the new-built house, and people at work in a meadow;
Heard, as he drew near the door, the musical voice of Priscilla
Singing the hundredth Psalm, the grand old Puritan anthem,

224. The words in the version which Priscilla used sound somewhat rude to modern ears, but the music is substantially what we know as Old Hundred. The poet tells us (l. 231) that it was Ainsworth's translation which she used. Ainsworth became a Brownist in 1590, suffered persecution, and found refuge in Holland, where he published learned commentaries and translations. His version of Psalm c. is as follows:—

1. Bow to Jehovah all the earth.
2. Serve ye Jehovah with gladness; before him come with singing mirth.
3. Know that Jehovah he God is. It 's he that made us and not we, his flock and sheep of his feeding.

Music that Luther sang to the sacred words of the Psalmist,
Full of the breath of the Lord, consoling and comforting many.
Then, as he opened the door, he beheld the form of the maiden
Seated beside her wheel, and the carded wool like a snow-drift
Piled at her knee, her white hands feeding the ravenous spindle,
While with her foot on the treadle she guided the wheel in its motion.
Open wide on her lap lay the well-worn psalm-book of Ainsworth,
Printed in Amsterdam, the words and the music together,
Rough-hewn, angular notes, like stones in the wall of a churchyard,
Darkened and overhung by the running vine of the verses.
Such was the book from whose pages she sang the old Puritan anthem,
She, the Puritan girl, in the solitude of the forest,
Making the humble house and the modest apparel of homespun,
Beautiful with her beauty, and rich with the wealth of her being!
Over him rushed, like a wind that is keen and cold and relentless,
Thoughts of what might have been, and the weight and woe of his errand;

4. Oh, with confession enter ye his gates, his courtyard with praising. Confess to him, bless ye his name.
5. Because Jehovah he good is; his mercy ever is the same, and his faith unto all ages.

All the dreams that had faded, and all the hopes that had vanished,
All his life henceforth a dreary and tenantless mansion,
Haunted by vain regrets, and pallid, sorrowful faces.
Still he said to himself, and almost fiercely he said it,
"Let not him that putteth his hand to the plough look backwards;
Though the ploughshare cut through the flowers of life to its fountains,
Though it pass o'er the graves of the dead and the hearths of the living,
It is the will of the Lord; and his mercy endureth forever!"

So he entered the house; and the hum of the wheel and the singing
Suddenly ceased; for Priscilla, aroused by his step on the threshold,
Rose as he entered and gave him her hand, in signal of welcome,
Saying, "I knew it was you, when I heard your step in the passage;
For I was thinking of you, as I sat there singing and spinning."
Awkward and dumb with delight, that a thought of him had been mingled
Thus in the sacred psalm, that came from the heart of the maiden,
Silent before her he stood, and gave her the flowers for an answer,
Finding no words for his thought. He remembered that day in the winter,
After the first great snow, when he broke a path from the village,

Reeling and plunging along through the drifts that encumbered the doorway,
Stamping the snow from his feet as he entered the house, and Priscilla
Laughed at his snowy locks, and gave him a seat by the fireside,
Grateful and pleased to know he had thought of her in the snow-storm.
Had he but spoken then! perhaps not in vain had he spoken;
Now it was all too late; the golden moment had vanished!
So he stood there abashed, and gave her the flowers for an answer.

Then they sat down and talked of the birds and the beautiful Spring-time;
Talked of their friends at home, and the Mayflower that sailed on the morrow.
"I have been thinking all day," said gently the Puritan maiden,
"Dreaming all night, and thinking all day, of the hedge-rows of England, —
They are in blossom now, and the country is all like a garden;
Thinking of lanes and fields, and the song of the lark and the linnet,
Seeing the village street, and familiar faces of neighbors
Going about as of old, and stopping to gossip together,
And, at the end of the street, the village church, with the ivy
Climbing the old gray tower, and the quiet graves in the churchyard.

Kind are the people I live with, and dear to me my religion;
Still my heart is so sad, that I wish myself back in Old England.
You will say it is wrong, but I cannot help it: I almost
Wish myself back in Old England, I feel so lonely and wretched."

Thereupon answered the youth: "Indeed I do not condemn you;
Stouter hearts than a woman's have quailed in this terrible winter.
Yours is tender and trusting, and needs a stronger to lean on;
So I have come to you now, with an offer and proffer of marriage
Made by a good man and true, Miles Standish the Captain of Plymouth!"

Thus he delivered his message, the dexterous writer of letters, —
Did not embellish the theme, nor array it in beautiful phrases,
But came straight to the point, and blurted it out like a school-boy;
Even the Captain himself could hardly have said it more bluntly.
Mute with amazement and sorrow, Priscilla the Puritan maiden
Looked into Alden's face, her eyes dilated with wonder,
Feeling his words like a blow, that stunned her and rendered her speechless;

Till at length she exclaimed, interrupting the ominous silence:
"If the great Captain of Plymouth is so very eager to wed me,
Why does he not come himself, and take the trouble to woo me?
If I am not worth the wooing, I surely am not worth the winning!"
Then John Alden began explaining and smoothing the matter,
Making it worse as he went, by saying the Captain was busy, —
Had no time for such things; — such things! the words grating harshly
Fell on the ear of Priscilla; and swift as a flash she made answer:
"Has he no time for such things, as you call it, before he is married,
Would he be likely to find it, or make it, after the wedding?
That is the way with you men; you don't understand us, you cannot.
When you have made up your minds, after thinking of this one and that one,
Choosing, selecting, rejecting, comparing one with another,
Then you make known your desire, with abrupt and sudden avowal,
And are offended and hurt, and indignant perhaps, that a woman
Does not respond at once to a love that she never suspected,
Does not attain at a bound the height to which you have been climbing.

This is not right nor just; for surely a woman's affection
Is not a thing to be asked for, and had for only the asking.
When one is truly in love, one not only says it, but shows it.
Had he but waited awhile, had he only showed that he loved me,
Even this Captain of yours — who knows? — at last might have won me,
Old and rough as he is; but now it never can happen."

Still John Alden went on, unheeding the words of Priscilla,
Urging the suit of his friend, explaining, persuading, expanding;
Spoke of his courage and skill, and of all his battles in Flanders,
How with the people of God he had chosen to suffer affliction,
How, in return for his zeal, they had made him Captain of Plymouth;
He was a gentleman born, could trace his pedigree plainly
Back to Hugh Standish of Duxbury Hall, in Lancashire, England,

321. "There are at this time in England two ancient families of the name, one of Standish Hall, and the other of Duxbury Park, both in Lancashire, who trace their descent from a common ancestor, Ralph de Standish, living in 1221. There seems always to have been a military spirit in the family. Froissart, relating in his *Chronicles* the memorable meeting between Richard II. and Wat Tyler, says that after the rebel was struck from

Who was the son of Ralph, and the grandson of Thurston de Standish;
Heir unto vast estates, of which he was basely defrauded,
Still bore the family arms, and had for his crest a cock argent
Combed and wattled gules, and all the rest of the blazon.
He was a man of honor, of noble and generous nature;
Though he was rough, he was kindly; she knew how during the winter
He had attended the sick, with a hand as gentle as woman's;
Somewhat hasty and hot, he could not deny it, and headstrong,
Stern as a soldier might be, but hearty, and placable always,
Not to be laughed at and scorned, because he was little of stature;
For he was great of heart, magnanimous, courtly, courageous;
Any woman in Plymouth, nay, any woman in England,

his horse by William Walworth, 'then a squyer of the kynges alyted, called John Standysshe, and he drewe out his sworde, and put into Wat Tyler's belye, and so he dyed. For this act Standish was knighted. In 1415 another Sir John Standish fought at the battle of Agincourt. From his giving the name of Duxbury to the town where he settled, near Plymouth, and calling his eldest son Alexander (a common name in the Standish family), I have no doubt that Miles was a scion from this ancient and warlike stock." Young's *Chronicles of the Pilgrims*, footnote, p. 125.

325. Terms of heraldry. *Argent* is silver and *gules* red.

Might be happy and proud to be called the wife of Miles Standish!

But as he warmed and glowed, in his simple and eloquent language,
Quite forgetful of self, and full of the praise of his rival,
Archly the maiden smiled, and, with eyes overrunning with laughter,
Said, in a tremulous voice, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

IV.

JOHN ALDEN.

Into the open air John Alden, perplexed and bewildered,
Rushed like a man insane, and wandered alone by the sea-side;
Paced up and down the sands, and bared his head to the east-wind,
Cooling his heated brow, and the fire and fever within him.
Slowly, as out of the heavens, with apocalyptical splendors,
Sank the City of God, in the vision of John the Apostle,
So, with its cloudy walls of chrysolite, jasper, and sapphire,
Sank the broad red sun, and over its turrets uplifted
Glimmered the golden reed of the angel who measured the city.

344. See the last chapter of the Book of Revelation.

"Welcome, O wind of the East!" he exclaimed in his wild exultation,
"Welcome, O wind of the East, from the caves of the misty Atlantic!
Blowing o'er fields of dulse, and measureless meadows of sea-grass,
Blowing o'er rocky wastes, and the grottos and gardens of ocean!
Lay thy cold, moist hand on my burning forehead, and wrap me
Close in thy garments of mist, to allay the fever within me!"

Like an awakened conscience, the sea was moaning and tossing,
Beating remorseful and loud the mutable sands of the sea-shore.
Fierce in his soul was the struggle and tumult of passions contending;
Love triumphant and crowned, and friendship wounded and bleeding,
Passionate cries of desire, and importunate pleadings of duty!
"Is it my fault," he said, "that the maiden has chosen between us?
Is it my fault that he failed, — my fault that I am the victor?"
Then within him there thundered a voice, like the voice of the Prophet:
"It hath displeased the Lord!" — and he thought of David's transgression,
Bathsheba's beautiful face, and his friend in the front of the battle!

Shame and confusion of guilt, and abasement and self-condemnation,
Overwhelmed him at once; and he cried in the deepest contrition:
"It hath displeased the Lord! It is the temptation of Satan!"

Then, uplifting his head, he looked at the sea, and beheld there
Dimly the shadowy form of the Mayflower riding at anchor,
Rocked on the rising tide, and ready to sail on the morrow;
Heard the voices of men through the mist, the rattle of cordage
Thrown on the deck, the shouts of the mate, and the sailors' "Ay, ay, Sir!"
Clear and distinct, but not loud, in the dripping air of the twilight.
Still for a moment he stood, and listened, and stared at the vessel,
Then went hurriedly on, as one who, seeing a phantom,
Stops, then quickens his pace, and follows the beckoning shadow.
"Yes, it is plain to me now," he murmured; "the hand of the Lord is
Leading me out of the land of darkness, the bondage of error,
Through the sea, that shall lift the walls of its waters around me,
Hiding me, cutting me off, from the cruel thoughts that pursue me.
Back will I go o'er the ocean, this dreary land will abandon,

Her whom I may not love, and him whom my heart has offended.
Better to be in my grave in the green old churchyard in England,
Close by my mother's side, and among the dust of my kindred;
Better be dead and forgotten, than living in shame and dishonor!
Sacred and safe and unseen, in the dark of the narrow chamber
With me my secret shall lie, like a buried jewel that glimmers
Bright on the hand that is dust, in the chambers of silence and darkness, —
Yes, as the marriage ring of the great espousal hereafter!"

Thus as he spake, he turned, in the strength of his strong resolution,
Leaving behind him the shore, and hurried along in the twilight,
Through the congenial gloom of the forest silent and sombre,
Till he beheld the lights in the seven houses of Plymouth,
Shining like seven stars in the dusk and mist of the evening.
Soon he entered his door, and found the redoubtable Captain

392. In a letter written by Edward Winslow, December 11, 1621, to a friend in England, he says: "You shall understand that in this little time that a few of us have been here, we have built seven dwelling-houses and four for the use of the plantation." Young's *Chronicles*, p. 230.

Sitting alone, and absorbed in the martial pages of Cæsar,
Fighting some great campaign in Hainault or Brabant or Flanders.
"Long have you been on your errand," he said with a cheery demeanor,
Even as one who is waiting an answer, and fears not the issue.
"Not far off is the house, although the woods are between us;
But you have lingered so long, that while you were going and coming
I have fought ten battles and sacked and demolished a city.
Come, sit down, and in order relate to me all that has happened."

Then John Alden spake, and related the wondrous adventure
From beginning to end, minutely, just as it happened;
How he had seen Priscilla, and how he had sped in his courtship,
Only smoothing a little, and softening down her refusal.
But when he came at length to the words Priscilla had spoken,
Words so tender and cruel, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"
Up leaped the Captain of Plymouth, and stamped on the floor, till his armor
Clanged on the wall, where it hung, with a sound of sinister omen.
All his pent-up wrath burst forth in a sudden explosion,

E'en as a hand-grenade, that scatters destruction around it.
Wildly he shouted, and loud: "John Alden! you have betrayed me!
Me, Miles Standish, your friend! have supplanted, defrauded, betrayed me!
One of my ancestors ran his sword through the heart of Wat Tyler;
Who shall prevent me from running my own through the heart of a traitor?
Yours is the greater treason, for yours is a treason to friendship!
You, who lived under my roof, whom I cherished and loved as a brother;
You, who have fed at my board, and drunk at my cup, to whose keeping
I have intrusted my honor, my thoughts the most sacred and secret, —
You too, Brutus! ah, woe to the name of friendship hereafter!
Brutus was Cæsar's friend, and you were mine, but henceforward
Let there be nothing between us save war, and implacable hatred!"

So spake the Captain of Plymouth, and strode about in the chamber,
Chafing and choking with rage; like cords were the veins on his temples.
But in the midst of his anger a man appeared at the doorway,
Bringing in uttermost haste a message of urgent importance,
Rumors of danger and war and hostile incursions of Indians!

Straightway the Captain paused, and, without further question or parley,
Took from the nail on the wall his sword with its scabbard of iron,
Buckled the belt round his waist, and, frowning fiercely, departed.
Alden was left alone. He heard the clank of the scabbard
Growing fainter and fainter, and dying away in the distance.
Then he arose from his seat, and looked forth into the darkness,
Felt the cool air blow on his cheek, that was hot with the insult,
Lifted his eyes to the heavens, and, folding his hands as in childhood,
Prayed in the silence of night to the Father who seeth in secret.

Meanwhile the choleric Captain strode wrathful away to the council,
Found it already assembled, impatiently waiting his coming;
Men in the middle of life, austere and grave in deportment,
Only one of them old, the hill that was nearest to heaven,
Covered with snow, but erect, the excellent Elder of Plymouth.

442. Elder William Brewster. The elder of the Pilgrim Church was the minister who taught and administered the sacraments. He was assisted also by an officer named the ruling elder, whose function was much the same as that of the deacon in Congregational churches at the present day. The teaching elder

God had sifted three kingdoms to find the wheat for this planting,
Then had sifted the wheat, as the living seed of a nation;
So say the chronicles old, and such is the faith of the people!
Near them was standing an Indian, in attitude stern and defiant,
Naked down to the waist, and grim and ferocious in aspect;
While on the table before them was lying unopened a Bible,
Ponderous, bound in leather, brass-studded, printed in Holland,
And beside it outstretched the skin of a rattlesnake glittered,

included ruling among his duties; the ruling elder sometimes taught in the absence of his superior; the teaching elder was maintained by the people; the ruling elder was not withdrawn from other occupations, and maintained himself. Brewster was the ruling elder in the little Plymouth Church, but in the absence of Robinson was also their teacher.

443. In Stoughton's election sermon of 1668 occurs the first use, apparently, of this oft-quoted phrase: "God sifted a whole nation that he might send a choice grain over into this wilderness."

449. The Genevan Bible was the favorite version of the Puritans, and was clung to long after the King James version had been issued. Owing to obstacles in England, the Bible was frequently printed on the Continent, once at any rate at Amsterdam.

450. As a matter of history, the first recorded instance of the rattlesnake skin challenge was in January, 1622, when Tisquantum the Indian brought a defiance from Canonicus, and the governor returned the skin stuffed with bullets. Holmes, in his *Annals* (i. 177), reminds the reader: "There is a remarkable coincidence in the form of this challenge given by the Scythian

Filled, like a quiver, with arrows: a signal and challenge of warfare,
Brought by the Indian, and speaking with arrowy tongues of defiance.
This Miles Standish beheld, as he entered, and heard them debating
What were an answer befitting the hostile message and menace,
Talking of this and of that, contriving, suggesting, objecting;
One voice only for peace, and that the voice of the Elder,
Judging it wise and well that some at least were converted,
Rather than any were slain, for this was but Christian behavior!
Then out spake Miles Standish, the stalwart Captain of Plymouth,
Muttering deep in his throat, for his voice was husky with anger,
"What! do you mean to make war with milk and the water of roses?
Is it to shoot red squirrels you have your howitzer planted
There on the roof of the church, or is it to shoot red devils?
Truly the only tongue that is understood by a savage

prince to Darius. Five arrows made a part of the present sent by his herald to the Persian king. The manner of declaring war by the Aracaunian Indians of South America was by sending from town to town an arrow clinched in a dead man's hand."

457. The poet here has used the words of John Robinson to the colonists after the first encounter with the Indians: "Oh, how happy a thing had it been, if you had converted some before you had killed any!"

Must be the tongue of fire that speaks from the mouth of the cannon!"

Thereupon answered and said the excellent Elder of Plymouth,

Somewhat amazed and alarmed at this irreverent language:

"Not so thought Saint Paul, nor yet the other Apostles;

Not from the cannon's mouth were the tongues of fire they spake with!"

But unheeded fell this mild rebuke on the Captain,

Who had advanced to the table, and thus continued discoursing:

"Leave this matter to me, for to me by right it pertaineth.

War is a terrible trade; but in the cause that is righteous,

Sweet is the smell of powder; and thus I answer the challenge!"

Then from the rattlesnake's skin, with a sudden, contemptuous gesture,

Jerking the Indian arrows, he filled it with powder and bullets

Full to the very jaws, and handed it back to the savage,

Saying, in thundering tones: "Here, take it! this is your answer!"

Silently out of the room then glided the glistening savage,

Bearing the serpent's skin, and seeming himself like a serpent,

Winding his sinuous way in the dark to the depths of the forest.

V.

THE SAILING OF THE MAYFLOWER.

Just in the gray of the dawn, as the mists uprose from the meadows,
There was a stir and a sound in the slumbering village of Plymouth;
Clanging and clicking of arms, and the order imperative, "Forward!"
Given in tone suppressed, a tramp of feet, and then silence.
Figures ten, in the mist, marched slowly out of the village.
Standish the stalwart it was, with eight of his valorous army,
Led by their Indian guide, by Hobomok, friend of the white men,
Northward marching to quell the sudden revolt of the savage.
Giants they seemed in the mist, or the mighty men of King David;
Giants in heart they were, who believed in God and the Bible, —
Ay, who believed in the smiting of Midianites and Philistines.
Over them gleamed far off the crimson banners of morning;
Under them loud on the sands, the serried billows, advancing,
Fired along the line, and in regular order retreated.

Many a mile had they marched, when at length the village of Plymouth

Woke from its sleep, and arose, intent on its manifold labors.
Sweet was the air and soft; and slowly the smoke from the chimneys
Rose over roofs of thatch, and pointed steadily eastward;
Men came forth from the doors, and paused and talked of the weather,
Said that the wind had changed, and was blowing fair for the Mayflower;
Talked of their Captain's departure, and all the dangers that menaced,
He being gone, the town, and what should be done in his absence.
Merrily sang the birds, and the tender voices of women
Consecrated with hymns the common cares of the household.
Out of the sea rose the sun, and the billows rejoiced at his coming;
Beautiful were his feet on the purple tops of the mountains;
Beautiful on the sails of the Mayflower riding at anchor,
Battered and blackened and worn by all the storms of the winter.
Loosely against her masts was hanging and flapping her canvas,
Rent by so many gales, and patched by the hands of the sailors.
Suddenly from her side, as the sun rose over the ocean,
Darted a puff of smoke, and floated seaward; anon rang
Loud over field and forest the cannon's roar, and the echoes

Heard and repeated the sound, the signal-gun of departure!
Ah! but with louder echoes replied the hearts of the people!
Meekly, in voices subdued, the chapter was read from the Bible,
Meekly the prayer was begun, but ended in fervent entreaty!
Then from their houses in haste came forth the Pilgrims of Plymouth,
Men and women and children, all hurrying down to the sea-shore,
Eager, with tearful eyes, to say farewell to the Mayflower,
Homeward bound o'er the sea, and leaving them here in the desert.

Foremost among them was Alden. All night he had lain without slumber,
Turning and tossing about in the heat and unrest of his fever.
He had beheld Miles Standish, who came back late from the council,
Stalking into the room, and heard him mutter and murmur,
Sometimes it seemed a prayer, and sometimes it sounded like swearing.
Once he had come to the bed, and stood there a moment in silence;
Then he had turned away, and said: "I will not awake him;
Let him sleep on, it is best; for what is the use of more talking!"
Then he extinguished the light, and threw himself down on his pallet,

Dressed as he was, and ready to start at the break of the morning, —
Covered himself with the cloak he had worn in his campaigns in Flanders, —
Slept as a soldier sleeps in his bivouac, ready for action.
But with the dawn he arose; in the twilight Alden beheld him
Put on his corselet of steel, and all the rest of his armor,
Buckle about his waist his trusty blade of Damascus,
Take from the corner his musket, and so stride out of the chamber.
Often the heart of the youth had burned and yearned to embrace him,
Often his lips had essayed to speak, imploring for pardon;
All the old friendship came back with its tender and grateful emotions;
But his pride overmastered the nobler nature within him, —
Pride, and the sense of his wrong, and the burning fire of the insult.
So he beheld his friend departing in anger, but spake not,
Saw him go forth to danger, perhaps to death, and he spake not!
Then he arose from his bed, and heard what the people were saying,
Joined in the talk at the door, with Stephen and Richard and Gilbert,

547. The names are not taken at random. Stephen Hopkins, Richard Warren, and Gilbert Winslow were all among the Mayflower passengers, and were alive at this time.

Joined in the morning prayer, and in the reading of Scripture,
And, with the others, in haste went hurrying down to the sea-shore,
Down to the Plymouth Rock, that had been to their feet as a doorstep
Into a world unknown, — the corner-stone of a nation!

There with his boat was the Master, already a little impatient
Lest he should lose the tide, or the wind might shift to the eastward,
Square-built, hearty, and strong, with an odor of ocean about him,
Speaking with this one and that, and cramming letters and parcels
Into his pockets capacious, and messages mingled together
Into his narrow brain, till at last he was wholly bewildered.
Nearer the boat stood Alden, with one foot placed on the gunwale,
One still firm on the rock, and talking at times with the sailors,
Seated erect on the thwarts, all ready and eager for starting.
He too was eager to go, and thus put an end to his anguish,
Thinking to fly from despair, that swifter than keel is or canvas,
Thinking to drown in the sea the ghost that would rise and pursue him.
But as he gazed on the crowd, he beheld the form of Priscilla

Standing dejected among them, unconscious of all that was passing.
Fixed were her eyes upon his, as if she divined his intention,
Fixed with a look so sad, so reproachful, imploring, and patient,
That with a sudden revulsion his heart recoiled from its purpose,
As from the verge of a crag, where one step more is destruction.
Strange is the heart of man, with its quick, mysterious instincts!
Strange is the life of man, and fatal or fated are moments,
Whereupon turn, as on hinges, the gates of the wall adamantine!
"Here I remain!" he exclaimed, as he looked at the heavens above him,
Thanking the Lord whose breath had scattered the mist and the madness,
Wherein, blind and lost, to death he was staggering headlong.
"Yonder snow-white cloud, that floats in the ether above me,
Seems like a hand that is pointing and beckoning over the ocean.
There is another hand, that is not so spectral and ghost-like,
Holding me, drawing me back, and clasping mine for protection.
Float, O hand of cloud, and vanish away in the ether!
Roll thyself up like a fist, to threaten and daunt me; I heed not

Either your warning or menace, or any omen of evil!
There is no land so sacred, no air so pure and so wholesome,
As is the air she breathes, and the soil that is pressed by her footsteps.
Here for her sake will I stay, and like an invisible presence
Hover around her forever, protecting, supporting her weakness;
Yes! as my foot was the first that stepped on this rock at the landing,
So, with the blessing of God, shall it be the last at the leaving!"

Meanwhile the Master alert, but with dignified air and important,
Scanning with watchful eye the tide and the wind and the weather,
Walked about on the sands, and the people crowded around him
Saying a few last words, and enforcing his careful remembrance.
Then, taking each by the hand, as if he were grasping a tiller,
Into the boat he sprang, and in haste shoved off to his vessel,
Glad in his heart to get rid of all this worry and flurry,
Glad to be gone from a land of sand and sickness and sorrow,
Short allowance of victual, and plenty of nothing but Gospel!
Lost in the sound of the oars was the last farewell of the Pilgrims.

O strong hearts and true! not one went back in the Mayflower!
No, not one looked back, who had set his hand to this ploughing!

Soon were heard on board the shouts and songs of the sailors
Heaving the windlass round, and hoisting the ponderous anchor.
Then the yards were braced, and all sails set to the west-wind,
Blowing steady and strong; and the Mayflower sailed from the harbor,
Rounded the point of the Gurnet, and leaving far to the southward
Island and cape of sand, and the Field of the First Encounter,
Took the wind on her quarter, and stood for the open Atlantic,
Borne on the send of the sea, and the swelling hearts of the Pilgrims.

Long in silence they watched the receding sail of the vessel,

605. The Gurnet, or Gurnet's Nose, is a headland connecting with Marshfield by a beach about seven miles long. On its southern extremity are two light-houses which light the entrance to Plymouth Harbor.

606. "So after we had given God thanks for our deliverance, we took our shallop and went on our journey, and called this place The First Encounter." Bradford and Winslow's *Journal* in Young's *Chronicles*, p. 159. The place on the Eastham shore marked the spot where the Pilgrims had their first encounter with the Indians, December 8, 1620. A party under Miles Standish was exploring the country while the Mayflower was at anchor in Provincetown Harbor.

Much endeared to them all, as something living and human;
Then, as if filled with the spirit, and wrapt in a vision prophetic,
Baring his hoary head, the excellent Elder of Plymouth
Said, "Let us pray!" and they prayed, and thanked the Lord and took courage.
Mournfully sobbed the waves at the base of the rock, and above them
Bowed and whispered the wheat on the hill of death, and their kindred
Seemed to awake in their graves, and to join in the prayer that they uttered.
Sun-illumined and white, on the eastern verge of the ocean
Gleamed the departing sail, like a marble slab in a graveyard;
Buried beneath it lay forever all hope of escaping.
Lo! as they turned to depart, they saw the form of an Indian,
Watching them from the hill; but while they spake with each other,
Pointing with outstretched hands, and saying, "Look!" he had vanished.
So they returned to their homes; but Alden lingered a little,
Musing alone on the shore, and watching the wash of the billows
Round the base of the rock, and the sparkle and flash of the sunshine,
Like the spirit of God, moving visibly over the waters.

626. See Genesis i. 2.

VI.

PRISCILLA.

Thus for a while he stood, and mused by the shore of the ocean,
Thinking of many things, and most of all of Priscilla;
And as if thought had the power to draw to itself, like the loadstone,
Whatsoever it touches, by subtile laws of its nature,
Lo! as he turned to depart, Priscilla was standing beside him.

"Are you so much offended, you will not speak to me?" said she.
"Am I so much to blame, that yesterday, when you were pleading
Warmly the cause of another, my heart, impulsive and wayward,
Pleaded your own, and spake out, forgetful perhaps of decorum?
Certainly you can forgive me for speaking so frankly, for saying
What I ought not to have said, yet now I can never unsay it;
For there are moments in life, when the heart is so full of emotion,
That if by chance it be shaken, or into its depths like a pebble
Drops some careless word, it overflows, and its secret,

Spilt on the ground like water, can never be gathered together.
Yesterday I was shocked, when I heard you speak of Miles Standish,
Praising his virtues, transforming his very defects into virtues,
Praising his courage and strength, and even his fighting in Flanders,
As if by fighting alone you could win the heart of a woman,
Quite overlooking yourself and the rest, in exalting your hero.
Therefore I spake as I did, by an irresistible impulse.
You will forgive me, I hope, for the sake of the friendship between us,
Which is too true and too sacred to be so easily broken!"
Thereupon answered John Alden, the scholar, the friend of Miles Standish:
"I was not angry with you, with myself alone I was angry,
Seeing how badly I managed the matter I had in my keeping."
"No!" interrupted the maiden, with answer prompt and decisive;
"No; you were angry with me, for speaking so frankly and freely.
It was wrong, I acknowledge; for it is the fate of a woman
Long to be patient and silent, to wait like a ghost that is speechless,
Till some questioning voice dissolves the spell of its silence.

Hence is the inner life of so many suffering women
Sunless and silent and deep, like subterranean rivers
Running through caverns of darkness, unheard, unseen, and unfruitful,
Chafing their channels of stone, with endless and profitless murmurs."
Thereupon answered John Alden, the young man, the lover of women:
"Heaven forbid it, Priscilla; and truly they seem to me always
More like the beautiful rivers that watered the garden of Eden,
More like the river Euphrates, through deserts of Havilah flowing,
Filling the land with delight, and memories sweet of the garden!"
"Ah, by these words, I can see," again interrupted the maiden,
"How very little you prize me, or care for what I am saying.
When from the depths of my heart, in pain and with secret misgiving,
Frankly I speak to you, asking for sympathy only and kindness,
Straightway you take up my words, that are plain and direct and in earnest,
Turn them away from their meaning, and answer with flattering phrases.
This is not right, is not just, is not true to the best that is in you;

659. Compare Coleridge, —

"Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man,
Down to a sunless sea."

Vision of Kubla Khan.

For I know and esteem you, and feel that your nature is noble,
Lifting mine up to a higher, a more ethereal level.
Therefore I value your friendship, and feel it perhaps the more keenly
If you say aught that implies I am only as one among many,
If you make use of those common and complimentary phrases
Most men think so fine, in dealing and speaking with women,
But which women reject as insipid, if not as insulting."

Mute and amazed was Alden; and listened and looked at Priscilla,
Thinking he never had seen her more fair, more divine in her beauty.
He who but yesterday pleaded so glibly the cause of another,
Stood there embarrassed and silent, and seeking in vain for an answer.
So the maiden went on, and little divined or imagined
What was at work in his heart, that made him so awkward and speechless.
"Let us, then, be what we are, and speak what we think, and in all things
Keep ourselves loyal to truth, and the sacred professions of friendship.
It is no secret I tell you, nor am I ashamed to declare it:
I have liked to be with you, to see you, to speak with you always.

So I was hurt at your words, and a little affronted to hear you
Urge me to marry your friend, though he were the Captain Miles Standish.
For I must tell you the truth: much more to me is your friendship
Than all the love he could give, were he twice the hero you think him."
Then she extended her hand, and Alden, who eagerly grasped it,
Felt all the wounds in his heart, that were aching and bleeding so sorely,
Healed by the touch of that hand, and he said, with a voice full of feeling:
"Yes, we must ever be friends; and of all who offer you friendship
Let me be ever the first, the truest, the nearest and dearest!"

Casting a farewell look at the glimmering sail of the Mayflower
Distant, but still in sight, and sinking below the horizon,
Homeward together they walked, with a strange, indefinite feeling,
That all the rest had departed and left them alone in the desert.
But, as they went through the fields in the blessing and smile of the sunshine,
Lighter grew their hearts, and Priscilla said very archly:
"Now that our terrible Captain has gone in pursuit of the Indians,
Where he is happier far than he would be commanding a household,

You may speak boldly, and tell me of all that happened between you,
When you returned last night, and said how ungrateful you found me."
Thereupon answered John Alden, and told her the whole of the story, —
Told her his own despair, and the direful wrath of Miles Standish.
Whereat the maiden smiled, and said between laughing and earnest,
"He is a little chimney, and heated hot in a moment!"
But as he gently rebuked her, and told her how he had suffered, —
How he had even determined to sail that day in the Mayflower,
And had remained for her sake, on hearing the dangers that threatened, —
All her manner was changed, and she said with a faltering accent,
"Truly I thank you for this: how good you have been to me always!"

Thus, as a pilgrim devout, who toward Jerusalem journeys,
Taking three steps in advance, and one reluctantly backward,
Urged by importunate zeal, and withheld by pangs of contrition;
Slowly but steadily onward, receding yet ever advancing,
Journeyed this Puritan youth to the Holy Land of his longings,
Urged by the fervor of love, and withheld by remorseful misgivings.

VII.

THE MARCH OF MILES STANDISH.

Meanwhile the stalwart Miles Standish was marching steadily northward,
Winding through forest and swamp, and along the trend of the sea-shore,
All day long, with hardly a halt, the fire of his anger
Burning and crackling within, and the sulphurous odor of powder
Seeming more sweet to his nostrils than all the scents of the forest.
Silent and moody he went, and much he revolved his discomfort;
He who was used to success, and to easy victories always,
Thus to be flouted, rejected, and laughed to scorn by a maiden,
Thus to be mocked and betrayed by the friend whom most he had trusted!
Ah! 't was too much to be borne, and he fretted and chafed in his armor!

"I alone am to blame," he muttered, "for mine was the folly.
What has a rough old soldier, grown grim and gray in the harness,
Used to the camp and its ways, to do with the wooing of maidens?
'T was but a dream, — let it pass, — let it vanish like so many others!
What I thought was a flower, is only a weed, and is worthless;

Out of my heart will I pluck it, and throw it away, and henceforward
Be but a fighter of battles, a lover and wooer of dangers."
Thus he revolved in his mind his sorry defeat and discomfort,
While he was marching by day or lying at night in the forest,
Looking up at the trees and the constellations beyond them.

After a three days' march he came to an Indian encampment [745]
Pitched on the edge of a meadow, between the sea and the forest;
Women at work by the tents, and warriors, horrid with war-paint,
Seated about a fire, and smoking and talking together;
Who, when they saw from afar the sudden approach of the white men,
Saw the flash of the sun on breastplate and sabre and musket,
Straightway leaped to their feet, and two, from among them advancing,
Came to parley with Standish, and offer him furs as a present;
Friendship was in their looks, but in their hearts there was hatred.

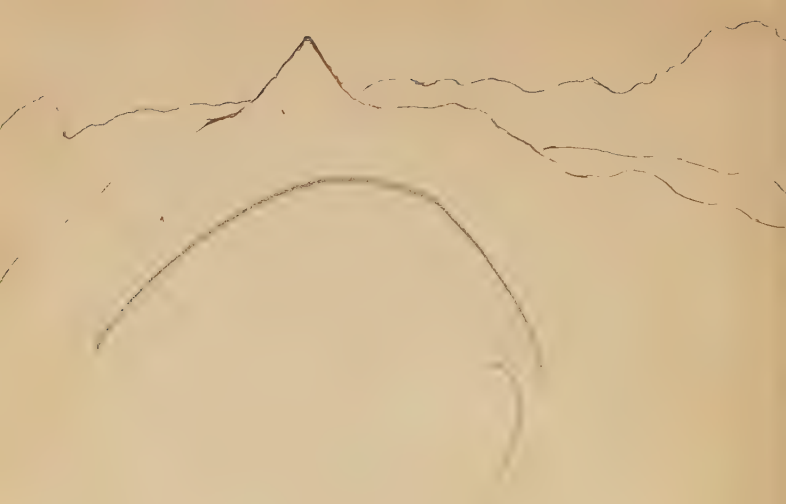
745. The poet has taken his material for this expedition of Standish's from the report in Winslow's Relation of *Standish's Expedition against the Indians of Weymouth, and the breaking up of Weston's Colony at that place,* in March, 1623, as given in Dr Young's *Chronicles.*

Braves of the tribe were these, and brothers, gigantic in stature,
Huge as Goliath of Gath, or the terrible Og, king of Bashan;
One was Pecksuot named, and the other was called Wattawamat.
Round their necks were suspended their knives in scabbards of wampum,
Two-edged, trenchant knives, with points as sharp as a needle.
Other arms had they none, for they were cunning and crafty.
"Welcome, English!" they said, — these words they had learned from the traders
Touching at times on the coast, to barter and chaffer for peltries.
Then in their native tongue they began to parley with Standish,
Through his guide and interpreter, Hobomok, friend of the white man,
Begging for blankets and knives, but mostly for muskets and powder,
Kept by the white man, they said, concealed, with the plague, in his cellars,
Ready to be let loose, and destroy his brother the red man!
But when Standish refused, and said he would give them the Bible,
Suddenly changing their tone, they began to boast and to bluster.
Then Wattawamat advanced with a stride in front of the other,
And, with a lofty demeanor, thus vauntingly spake to the Captain:

"Now Wattawamat can see, by the fiery eyes of the Captain,
Angry is he in his heart; but the heart of the brave Wattawamat
Is not afraid at the sight. He was not born of a woman,
But on a mountain, at night, from an oak-tree riven by lightning,
Forth he sprang at a bound, with all his weapons about him,
Shouting, 'Who is there here to fight with the brave Wattawamat?'"
Then he unsheathed his knife, and, whetting the blade on his left hand,
Held it aloft and displayed a woman's face on the handle,
Saying, with bitter expression and look of sinister meaning:
"I have another at home, with the face of a man on the handle;
By and by they shall marry; and there will be plenty of children!"

775. "Among the rest Wituwamat bragged of the excellency of his knife. On the end of the handle there was pictured a woman's face; 'but,' said he, 'I have another at home wherewith I have killed both French and English, and that hath a man's face on it, and by and by these two must marry.' Further he said of that knife he there had, *Hinnaim namen, hinnaim michen, matta cuts;* that is to say, By and by it should see, and by and by it should eat, but not speak. Also Pecksuot, being a man of greater stature than the captain, told him, though he were a great captain, yet he was but a little man; and, said he, though I be no sachem, yet I am a man of great strength and courage." Winslow's *Relation.* The poet turns the whole incident of Standish's parley and killing of the Indians into a more open and brave piece of conduct than the chronicle admits.

" Held it aloft and displayed a woman's face on the handle "



Then stood Pecksuot forth, self-vaunting, insulting Miles Standish;
While with his fingers he patted the knife that hung at his bosom,
Drawing it half from its sheath, and plunging it back, as he muttered,
"By and by it shall see; it shall eat; ah, ha! but shall speak not!
This is the mighty Captain the white men have sent to destroy us!
He is a little man; let him go and work with the women!"

Meanwhile Standish had noted the faces and figures of Indians
Peeping and creeping about from bush to tree in the forest,
Feigning to look for game, with arrows set on their bow-strings,
Drawing about him still closer and closer the net of their ambush.
But undaunted he stood, and dissembled and treated them smoothly;
So the old chronicles say, that were writ in the days of the fathers.
But when he heard their defiance, the boast, the taunt and the insult,
All the hot blood of his race, of Sir Hugh and of Thurston de Standish,
Boiled and beat in his heart, and swelled in the veins of his temples.
Headlong he leaped on the boaster, and, snatching his knife from its scabbard,
Plunged it into his heart, and, reeling backward, the savage

Fell with his face to the sky, and a fiendlike fierceness upon it.
Straight there arose from the forest the awful sound of the war-whoop,
And, like a flurry of snow on the whistling wind of December,
Swift and sudden and keen came a flight of feathery arrows.
Then came a cloud of smoke, and out of the cloud came the lightning,
Out of the lightning thunder; and death unseen ran before it.
Frightened the savages fled for shelter in swamp and in thicket,
Hotly pursued and beset; but their sachem, the brave Wattawamat,
Fled not; he was dead. Unswerving and swift had a bullet
Passed through his brain, and he fell with both hands clutching the greensward,
Seeming in death to hold back from his foe the land of his fathers.

There on the flowers of the meadow the warriors lay, and above them,
Silent, with folded arms, stood Hobomok, friend of the white man.

811. "Hobbamock stood by all this time as a spectator, and meddled not, observing how our men demeaned themselves in this action. All being here ended, smiling, he brake forth into these speeches to the Captain: 'Yesterday Pecksuot, bragging of his own strength and stature, said, though you were a great captain, yet you were but a little man; but to-day I see you are big enough to lay him on the ground.'" Winslow's *Relation.*

Smiling at length he exclaimed to the stalwart Captain of Plymouth:
"Pecksuot bragged very loud, of his courage, his strength and his stature,—
Mocked the great Captain, and called him a little man; but I see now
Big enough have you been to lay him speechless before you!"

Thus the first battle was fought and won by the stalwart Miles Standish.
When the tidings thereof were brought to the village of Plymouth,
And as a trophy of war the head of the brave Wattawamat
Scowled from the roof of the fort, which at once was a church and a fortress,
All who beheld it rejoiced, and praised the Lord, and took courage.
Only Priscilla averted her face from this spectre of terror,
Thanking God in her heart that she had not married Miles Standish;
Shrinking, fearing almost, lest, coming home from his battles,
He should lay claim to her hand, as the prize and reward of his valor.

818. "Now was the Captain returned and received with joy, the head being brought to the fort, and there set up." Winslow's *Relation*. The custom of exposing the heads of offenders in this way was familiar enough to the Plymouth people before they left England. As late as the year 1747 the heads of the lords who were concerned in the Scots' Rebellion were set up over Temple Bar, in London.

VIII.

THE SPINNING WHEEL.

Month after month passed away, and in autumn the ships of the merchants
Came with kindred and friends, with cattle and corn for the Pilgrims.
All in the village was peace; the men were intent on their labors,
Busy with hewing and building, with garden-plot and with merestead,
Busy with breaking the glebe, and mowing the grass in the meadows,
Searching the sea for its fish, and hunting the deer in the forest.
All in the village was peace; but at times the rumor of warfare
Filled the air with alarm, and the apprehension of danger.
Bravely the stalwart Standish was scouring the land with his forces,
Waxing valiant in fight and defeating the alien armies,
Till his name had become a sound of fear to the nations.

825. The poet again has moved the narrative forward, taking Standish's return from his expedition as the date from which after events are measured. The Anne and the Little James came at the beginning of August, 1623.

828. *Mere* or *meare* in Old English is boundary, and *merestead* becomes the bounded lot. The first entry in the records of Plymouth Colony is an incomplete list of "The Meersteads and Garden-plotes of those which came first, layed out, 1620."

Anger was still in his heart, but at times the remorse and contrition
Which in all noble natures succeed the passionate outbreak,
Came like a rising tide, that encounters the rush of a river,
Staying its current awhile, but making it bitter and brackish.

Meanwhile Alden at home had built him a new habitation,
Solid, substantial, of timber rough-hewn from the firs of the forest.
Wooden-barred was the door, and the roof was covered with rushes;
Latticed the windows were, and the window-panes were of paper,
Oiled to admit the light, while wind and rain were excluded.
There too he dug a well, and around it planted an orchard:
Still may be seen to this day some trace of the well and the orchard.

843. When the Fortune, which visited the colony in November, 1621, returned to England, Edward Winslow wrote by it a letter of advice to those who were thinking of emigrating to America, in which he says, "Bring paper and linseed oil for your windows." Glass windows were long considered a great luxury. When the Duke of Northumberland, in Elizabeth's time, left Alnwick Castle to come to London for the winter, the few glass windows which formed one of the luxuries of the castle were carefully taken out and laid away, perhaps carried to London to adorn the city residence.

846. The Alden family still retain John Alden's homestead in Duxbury, and the present house is said to stand on the site of the one originally built there.

Close to the house was the stall, where, safe and secure from annoyance,
Raghorn, the snow-white bull, that had fallen to Alden's allotment
In the division of cattle, might ruminate in the nighttime
Over the pastures he cropped, made fragrant by sweet pennyroyal.

Oft when his labor was finished, with eager feet would the dreamer
Follow the pathway that ran through the woods to the house of Priscilla,
Led by illusions romantic and subtile deceptions of fancy,
Pleasure disguised as duty, and love in the semblance of friendship.
Ever of her he thought, when he fashioned the walls of his dwelling;
Ever of her he thought, when he delved in the soil of his garden;
Ever of her he thought, when he read in his Bible on Sunday
Praise of the virtuous woman, as she is described in the Proverbs, —
How the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her always,
How all the days of her life she will do him good, and not evil,
How she seeketh the wool and the flax and worketh with gladness,
How she layeth her hand to the spindle and holdeth the distaff,

How she is not afraid of the snow for herself or her household,
Knowing her household are clothed with the scarlet cloth of her weaving!

So as she sat at her wheel one afternoon in the Autumn,
Alden, who opposite sat, and was watching her dexterous fingers,
As if the thread she was spinning were that of his life and his fortune,
After a pause in their talk, thus spake to the sound of the spindle.
"Truly, Priscilla," he said, "when I see you spinning and spinning,
Never idle a moment, but thrifty and thoughtful of others,
Suddenly you are transformed, are visibly changed in a moment;
You are no longer Priscilla, but Bertha the Beautiful Spinner."
Here the light foot on the treadle grew swifter and swifter; the spindle
Uttered an angry snarl, and the thread snapped short in her fingers;
While the impetuous speaker, not heeding the mischief, continued:
"You are the beautiful Bertha, the spinner, the queen of Helvetia;
She whose story I read at a stall in the streets of Southampton,

872. The legend of Bertha is given with various learning regarding it in a monograph entitled, *Bertha die Spinnerin*, by Karl Joseph Simrock, Frankfurt, 1853.

Who, as she rode on her palfrey, o'er valley and meadow and mountain,
Ever was spinning her thread from a distaff fixed to her saddle.
She was so thrifty and good, that her name passed into a proverb.
So shall it be with your own, when the spinning-wheel shall no longer
Hum in the house of the farmer, and fill its chambers with music.
Then shall the mothers, reproving, relate how it was in their childhood,
Praising the good old times, and the days of Priscilla the spinner!"
Straight uprose from her wheel the beautiful Puritan maiden,
Pleased with the praise of her thrift from him whose praise was the sweetest,
Drew from the reel on the table a snowy skein of her spinning,
Thus making answer, meanwhile, to the flattering phrases of Alden:
"Come, you must not be idle; if I am a pattern for housewives,
Show yourself equally worthy of being the model of husbands.
Hold this skein on your hands, while I wind it, ready for knitting;
Then who knows but hereafter, when fashions have changed and the manners,
Fathers may talk to their sons of the good old times of John Alden!"
Thus, with a jest and a laugh, the skein on his hands she adjusted,

He sitting awkwardly there, with his arms extended
before him,
She standing graceful, erect, and winding the thread
from his fingers,
Sometimes chiding a little his clumsy manner of hold-
ing,
Sometimes touching his hands, as she disentangled
expertly
Twist or knot in the yarn, unawares — for how could
she help it? —
Sending electrical thrills through every nerve in his
body.

Lo! in the midst of this scene, a breathless messen-
ger entered,
Bringing in hurry and heat the terrible news from the
village.
Yes; Miles Standish was dead! — an Indian had
brought them the tidings, —
Slain by a poisoned arrow, shot down in the front of
the battle,
Into an ambush beguiled, cut off with the whole of
his forces;
All the town would be burned, and all the people be
murdered!
Such were the tidings of evil that burst on the hearts
of the hearers.
Silent and statue-like stood Priscilla, her face looking
backward
Still at the face of the speaker, her arms uplifted in
horror;
But John Alden, upstarting, as if the barb of the ar
row

Piercing the heart of his friend had struck his own, and had sundered
Once and forever the bonds that held him bound as a captive,
Wild with excess of sensation, the awful delight of his freedom,
Mingled with pain and regret, unconscious of what he was doing,
Clasped, almost with a groan, the motionless form of Priscilla,
Pressing her close to his heart, as forever his own, and exclaiming:
"Those whom the Lord hath united, let no man put them asunder!"

Even as rivulets twain, from distant and separate sources,
Seeing each other afar, as they leap from the rocks, and pursuing
Each one its devious path, but drawing nearer and nearer,
Rush together at last, at their trysting-place in the forest;
So these lives that had run thus far in separate channels,
Coming in sight of each other, then swerving and flowing asunder,
Parted by barriers strong, but drawing nearer and nearer,
Rushed together at last, and one was lost in the other.

IX.

THE WEDDING-DAY.

Forth from the curtain of clouds, from the tent of purple and scarlet,
Issued the sun, the great High-Priest, in his garments resplendent,
Holiness unto the Lord, in letters of light, on his forehead,
Round the hem of his robe the golden bells and pomegranates.
Blessing the world he came, and the bars of vapor beneath him
Gleamed like a grate of brass, and the sea at his feet was a laver!

This was the wedding morn of Priscilla the Puritan maiden.
Friends were assembled together; the Elder and Magistrate also
Graced the scene with their presence, and stood like the Law and the Gospel,
One with the sanction of earth and one with the blessing of heaven.
Simple and brief was the wedding as that of Ruth and of Boaz.
Softly the youth and the maiden repeated the words of betrothal,
Taking each other for husband and wife in the Magistrate's presence,

927. For a description of the Jewish high-priest and his dress, see Exodus, chapter xxviii.

After the Puritan way, and the laudable custom of Holland.
Fervently then and devoutly, the excellent Elder of Plymouth
Prayed for the hearth and the home, that were founded that day in affection,
Speaking of life and of death, and imploring Divine benedictions.

Lo! when the service was ended, a form appeared on the threshold,
Clad in armor of steel, a sombre and sorrowful figure!
Why does the bridegroom start and stare at the strange apparition?
Why does the bride turn pale, and hide her face on his shoulder?
Is it a phantom of air, — a bodiless, spectral illusion?
Is it a ghost from the grave, that has come to forbid the betrothal?
Long had it stood there unseen, a guest uninvited, unwelcomed;
Over its clouded eyes there had passed at times an expression
Softening the gloom and revealing the warm heart hidden beneath them,

939. "May 12 was the first marriage in this place, which, according to the laudable custome of the Low-Cuntries, in which they had lived, was thought most requisite to be performed by the magistrate, as being a civill thing, upon which many questions aboute inheritances doe depende, with other things most proper to their cognizans, and most consonante to the scripturs, Ruth 4, and no wher found in the gospell to be layed on the ministers as a part of their office." Bradford's *History*, p. 101.

As when across the sky the driving rack of the rain cloud
Grows for a moment thin, and betrays the sun by its brightness.
Once it had lifted its hand, and moved its lips, but was silent,
As if an iron will had mastered the fleeting intention.
But when were ended the troth and the prayer and the last benediction,
Into the room it strode, and the people beheld with amazement
Bodily there in his armor Miles Standish, the Captain of Plymouth!
Grasping the bridegroom's hand, he said with emotion, "Forgive me!
I have been angry and hurt, — too long have I cherished the feeling;
I have been cruel and hard, but now, thank God! it is ended.
Mine is the same hot blood that leaped in the veins of Hugh Standish,
Sensitive, swift to resent, but as swift in atoning for error.

952. *Rack*, a Shaksperian word, used possibly in two senses, either as vapor, as in the thirty-third sonnet, —

"Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,"

which is plainly the meaning here, or as a light, cirrus cloud, as in the *Tempest*, Act IV. Scene 1: —

"And like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind,"

although here, also, the meaning of vapor might be admissible. Bacon has defined rack: "The winds, which wave the clouds above, which we call the *rack*, and are not perceived below, pass without noise."

Never so much as now was Miles Standish the friend of John Alden."
Thereupon answered the bridegroom: "Let all be forgotten between us, —
All save the dear old friendship, and that shall grow older and dearer!"
Then the Captain advanced, and, bowing, saluted Priscilla,
Gravely, and after the manner of old-fashioned gentry in England,
Something of camp and of court, of town and of country, commingled,
Wishing her joy of her wedding, and loudly lauding her husband.
Then he said with a smile: "I should have remembered the adage, —
If you would be well served, you must serve yourself; and moreover,
No man can gather cherries in Kent at the season of Christmas!"

Great was the people's amazement, and greater yet their rejoicing,
Thus to behold once more the sunburnt face of their Captain,
Whom they had mourned as dead; and they gathered and crowded about him,
Eager to see him and hear him, forgetful of bride and of bridegroom,
Questioning, answering, laughing, and each interrupting the other,
Till the good Captain declared, being quite overpowered and bewildered,

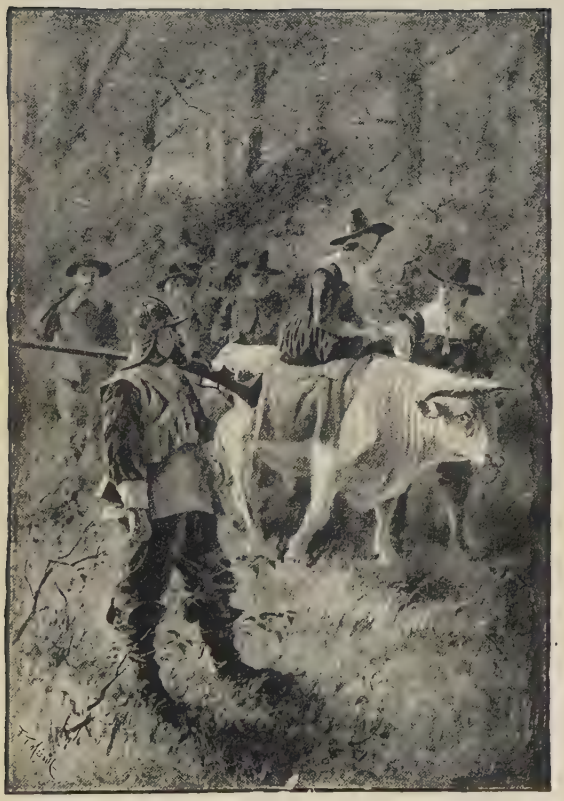
He had rather by far break into an Indian encampment,
Than come again to a wedding to which he had not been invited.

Meanwhile the bridegroom went forth and stood with the bride at the doorway,
Breathing the perfumed air of that warm and beautiful morning.
Touched with autumnal tints, but lonely and sad in the sunshine,
Lay extended before them the land of toil and privation;
There were the graves of the dead, and the barren waste of the sea-shore,
There the familiar fields, the groves of pine, and the meadows;
But to their eyes transfigured, it seemed as the Garden of Eden,
Filled with the presence of God, whose voice was the sound of the ocean.

Soon was their vision disturbed by the noise and stir of departure,
Friends coming forth from the house, and impatient of longer delaying,
Each with his plan for the day, and the work that was left uncompleted.
Then from a stall near at hand, amid exclamations of wonder,
Alden the thoughtful, the careful, so happy, so proud of Priscilla,
Brought out his snow-white bull, obeying the hand of its master,

Led by a cord that was tied to an iron ring in its nostrils,
Covered with crimson cloth, and a cushion placed for a saddle.
She should not walk, he said, through the dust and heat of the noonday;
Nay, she should ride like a queen, not plod along like a peasant.
Somewhat alarmed at first, but reassured by the others,
Placing her hand on the cushion, her foot in the hand of her husband,
Gayly, with joyous laugh, Priscilla mounted her palfrey.
"Nothing is wanting now," he said with a smile, "but the distaff;
Then you would be in truth my queen, my beautiful Bertha!"

Onward the bridal procession now moved to their new habitation,
Happy husband and wife, and friends conversing together.
Pleasantly murmured the brook, as they crossed the ford in the forest,
Pleased with the image that passed, like a dream of love through its bosom,
Tremulous, floating in air, o'er the depths of the azure abysses.
Down through the golden leaves the sun was pouring his splendors,
Gleaming on purple grapes, that, from branches above them suspended,
Mingled their odorous breath with the balm of the vine and the fir-tree.



THE BRIDAL PROCESSION

Wild and sweet as the clusters that grew in the valley of Eshcol.
Like a picture it seemed of the primitive, pastoral ages,
Fresh with the youth of the world, and recalling Rebecca and Isaac,
Old and yet ever new, and simple and beautiful always,
Love immortal and young in the endless succession of lovers.
So through the Plymouth woods passed onward the bridal procession.

[Miles Standish was not inconsolable. In the Anne came a certain Barbara, whose family name is unknown, but of whom there are vague traditions that she was a kinswoman of Rose Standish. The Captain and Barbara were married, and had seven children, of whom four sons, Alexander, Miles, Josiah, and Charles, survived their father. The only daughter, Lora, whose sampler is one of the most interesting relics in the Memorial Hall at Plymouth, died in her youth. Something of the old soldier's affectionate nature can be seen in the will, drawn up when he was "very ancient and full of dolorous pains." Leaving his "dearly beloved wife, Barbara" and his elder sons, executors, he appoints two friends supervisors of his will, begging them to see that his "poor wife shall have as comfortable maintenance as my poor state will bear, the whole time of her life, which if you my loving friends please to do, though neither they nor I shall be able to recompense, I do not doubt but the Lord will." Also he leaves a legacy to the granddaughter of Robinson, the Pilgrims' pastor at Leyden, "whom I tenderly love for her grandfather's sake," and he directs that his body be laid "as near as may be to my two dear daughters, Lora Standish, my daughter, and Mary Standish my daughter-in-law." Mary (Dingley) was the wife of Josiah Standish; his eldest brother, Alexander, married Sarah, one of the daughters of John and Priscilla Alden. The descendants of both Standish and Alden are very numerous.]

ELIZABETH.

This is one of the *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, and in that book, which is supposed to contain tales told one another by a party gathered in an old inn, *Elizabeth* comes from the lips of the Theologian in the company. Each tale is separated from the next by an *Interlude*, and in that which follows the present one, it is intimated that the tale of *Elizabeth* was founded on a prose tale by Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, entitled *The Youthful Emigrant*, which fell under Mr. Longfellow's eye in a Portland paper. Besides this, he had recourse to *A Call to the Unfaithful Professors of Truth, written by John Estaugh in his Life Time and now published for General Service.* So reads the title of a little book printed by Benjamin Franklin in 1744. A preface to this book, dated Haddonfield in New Jersey, the 5th 5 mo. 1743, is *Elizabeth Estaugh's testimony to the memory of her beloved husband John Estaugh, deceased.* Several expressions in the poem are derived from this little book. Mr. Longfellow here employed again the hexameter, which he did so much to revive when he wrote *Evangeline* and *The Courtship of Miles Standish.*

I.

"Ah, how short are the days! How soon the night overtakes us!
In the old country the twilight is longer; but here in the forest
Suddenly comes the dark, with hardly a pause in its coming,
Hardly a moment between the two lights, the day and the lamplight;
Yet how grand is the winter! How spotless the snow is, and perfect!"

Thus spake Elizabeth Haddon at nightfall to Hannah the housemaid,
As in the farm-house kitchen, that served for kitchen and parlor,
By the window she sat with her work, and looked on a landscape
White as the great white sheet that Peter saw in his vision,
By the four corners let down and descending out of the heavens.
Covered with snow were the forests of pine, and the fields and the meadows.
Nothing was dark but the sky, and the distant Delaware flowing
Down from its native hills, a peaceful and bountiful river.

Then with a smile on her lips made answer Hannah the housemaid:
"Beautiful winter! yea, the winter is beautiful, surely,
If one could only walk like a fly with one's feet on the ceiling.
But the great Delaware River is not like the Thames, as we saw it
Out of our upper windows in Rotherhithe Street in the Borough,
Crowded with masts and sails of vessels coming and going;
Here there is nothing but pines, with patches of snow on their branches.
There is snow in the air, and see! it is falling already;

9. See *Acts of the Apostles*, x.

All the roads will be blocked, and I pity Joseph to-morrow,
Breaking his way through the drifts, with his sled and oxen; and then, too,
How in all the world shall we get to Meeting on First-day?"

But Elizabeth checked her, and answered, mildly reproving:
"Surely the Lord will provide; for unto the snow He sayeth,
Be thou on the earth, the good Lord sayeth; He it is
Giveth snow like wool, like ashes scatters the hoar-frost."
So she folded her work and laid it away in her basket.

Meanwhile Hannah the housemaid had closed and fastened the shutters,
Spread the cloth, and lighted the lamp on the table, and placed there
Plates and cups from the dresser, the brown rye loaf, and the butter
Fresh from the dairy, and then, protecting her hand with a holder,
Took from the crane in the chimney the steaming and simmering kettle,
Poised it aloft in the air, and filled up the earthen tea-pot,
Made in Delft, and adorned with quaint and wonderful figures.

24. The Friends refuse to use the ordinary names of the days of the week, because they imply tribute to pagan gods.

Then Elizabeth said: "Lo! Joseph is long on his errand.
I have sent him away with a hamper of food and of clothing
For the poor in the village. A good lad and cheerful is Joseph;
In the right place is his heart, and his hand is ready and willing."

Thus in praise of her servant she spake, and Hannah the housemaid
Laughed with her eyes, as she listened, but governed her tongue, and was silent,
While her mistress went on: "The house is far from the village;
We should be lonely here, were it not for Friends that in passing
Sometimes tarry o'ernight, and make us glad by their coming."

Thereupon answered Hannah the housemaid, the thrifty, the frugal:
"Yea, they come and they tarry, as if thy house were a tavern;
Open to all are its doors, and they come and go like the pigeons
In and out of the holes of the pigeon-house over the hayloft,
Cooing and smoothing their feathers, and basking themselves in the sunshine."

But in meekness of spirit, and calmly, Elizabeth answered:
"All I have is the Lord's, not mine to give or withhold it;

I but distribute his gifts to the poor, and to those of his people
Who in journeyings often surrender their lives to his service.
His, not mine, are the gifts, and only so far can I make them
Mine, as in giving I add my heart to whatever is given
Therefore my excellent father first built this house in the clearing;
Though he came not himself, I came; for the Lord was my guidance,
Leading me here for this service. We must not grudge, then, to others
Ever the cup of cold water, or crumbs that fall from our table."

Thus rebuked, for a season was silent the penitent housemaid;
And Elizabeth said in tones even sweeter and softer:
"Dost thou remember, Hannah, the great May-Meeting in London,
When I was still a child, how we sat in the silent assembly,
Waiting upon the Lord in patient and passive submission?
No one spake, till at length a young man, a stranger, John Estaugh,
Moved by the Spirit, rose, as if he were John the Apostle,
Speaking such words of power that they bowed our hearts, as a strong wind
Bends the grass of the fields, or grain that is ripe for the sickle.
Thoughts of him to-day have been oft borne inward upon me.

Wherefore I do not know; but strong in the feeling within me
That once more I shall see a face I have never forgotten."

II.

E'en as she spake they heard the musical jangle of sleigh-bells,
First far off, with a dreamy sound and faint in the distance,
Then growing nearer and louder, and turning into the farmyard,
Till it stopped at the door, with a sudden creaking of runners.
Then there were voices heard as of two men talking together,
And to herself, as she listened, upbraiding said Hannah the housemaid,
"It is Joseph come back, and I wonder what stranger is with him."

Down from its nail she took and lighted the great tin lantern,
Pierced with holes, and round, and roofed like the top of a lighthouse,
And went forth to receive the coming guest at the doorway,
Casting into the dark a network of glimmer and shadow
Over the falling snow, the yellow sleigh, and the horses,
And the forms of men, snow-covered, looming gigantic.
Then giving Joseph the lantern, she entered the house with the stranger.

Youthful he was and tall, and his cheeks aglow with the night air;
And as he entered, Elizabeth rose, and, going to meet him,
As if an unseen power had announced and preceded his presence,
And he had come as one whose coming had long been expected,
Quietly gave him her hand, and said, "Thou art welcome, John Estaugh."
And the stranger replied, with staid and quiet behavior:
"Dost thou remember me still, Elizabeth? After so many
Years have passed, it seemeth a wonderful thing that I find thee.
Surely the hand of the Lord conducted me here to thy threshold.
For as I journeyed along, and pondered alone and in silence
On his ways, that are past finding out, I saw in the snow-mist,
Seemingly weary with travel, a wayfarer, who by the wayside
Paused and waited. Forthwith I remembered Queen Candace's eunuch,
How on the way that goes down from Jerusalem unto Gaza,
Reading Esaias the Prophet, he journeyed, and spake unto Philip,
Praying him to come up and sit in his chariot with him.

99. See *Acts of the Apostles*, viii.

So I greeted the man, and he mounted the sledge beside me,
And as we talked on the way he told me of thee and thy homestead,
How, being led by the light of the Spirit, that never deceiveth,
Full of zeal for the work of the Lord, thou hadst come to this country.
And I remembered thy name, and thy father and mother in England,
And on my journey have stopped to see thee, Elizabeth Haddon,
Wishing to strengthen thy hand in the labors of love thou art doing."

And Elizabeth answered with confident voice, and serenely
Looking into his face with her innocent eyes as she answered,
"Surely the hand of the Lord is in it; his Spirit hath led thee
Out of the darkness and storm to the light and peace of my fireside."

Then, with stamping of feet the door was opened, and Joseph
Entered, bearing the lantern, and carefully blowing the light out,
Hung it up on its nail, and all sat down to their supper;
For underneath that roof was no distinction of persons,
But one family only, one heart, one hearth, and one household.

When the supper was ended, they drew their chairs
to the fireplace,
Spacious, open-hearted, profuse of flame and of fire-
wood,
Lord of forests unfelled, and not a gleaner of fagots,
Spreading its arms to embrace with inexhaustible
bounty
All who fled from the cold, exultant laughing at win-
ter!
Only Hannah the housemaid was busy in clearing the
table,
Coming and going, and bustling about in closet and
chamber.

Then Elizabeth told her story again to John Es-
taugh,
Going far back to the past, to the early days of her
childhood;
How she had waited and watched, in all her doubt and
besetments,
Comforted with the extendings and holy, sweet inflow-
ings
Of the spirit of love, till the voice imperative sounded,
And she obeyed the voice, and cast in her lot with her
people
Here in the desert land, and God would provide for the
issue.

Meanwhile Joseph sat with folded hands, and de-
murely
Listened, or seemed to listen, and in the silence that
followed
Nothing was heard for a while but the step of Hannah
the housemaid

Walking the floor overhead, and setting the chambers in order.
And Elizabeth said, with a smile of compassion, "The maiden
Hath a light heart in her breast, but her feet are heavy and awkward."
Inwardly Joseph laughed, but governed his tongue and was silent.

Then came the hour of sleep, death's counterfeit, nightly rehearsal
Of the great Silent Assembly, the Meeting of shadows, where no man
Speaketh, but all are still, and the peace and rest are unbroken!
Silently over that house the blessing of slumber descended.
But when the morning dawned, and the sun uprose in his splendor,
Breaking his way through clouds that encumbered his path in the heavens,
Joseph was seen with his sled and oxen breaking a pathway
Through the drifts of snow; the horses already were harnessed,
And John Estaugh was standing and taking leave at the threshold,
Saying that he should return at the Meeting in May; while above them
Hannah the housemaid, the homely, was looking out of the attic,
Laughing aloud at Joseph, then suddenly closing the casement,
As the bird in a cuckoo-clock peeps out of its window
Then disappears again, and closes the shutter behind it

III.

Now was the winter gone, and the snow; and Robin the Redbreast
Boasted on bush and tree it was he, it was he and no other
That had covered with leaves the Babes in the Wood, and blithely
All the birds sang with him, and little cared for his boasting,
Or for his Babes in the Wood, or the Cruel Uncle, and only
Sang for the mates they had chosen, and cared for the nests they were building.
With them, but more sedately and meekly, Elizabeth Haddon
Sang in her inmost heart, but her lips were silent and songless.
Thus came the lovely spring with a rush of blossoms and music,
Flooding the earth with flowers, and the air with melodies vernal.

Then it came to pass, one pleasant morning, that slowly
Up the road there came a cavalcade, as of pilgrims,
Men and women, wending their way to the Quarterly Meeting
In the neighboring town; and with them came riding John Estaugh.
At Elizabeth's door they stopped to rest, and alighting
Tasted the currant wine, and the bread of rye, and the honey

Brought from the hives that stood by the sunny wall of the garden;
Then remounted their horses, refreshed, and continued their journey,
And Elizabeth with them, and Joseph, and Hannah the housemaid.
But, as they started, Elizabeth lingered a little, and leaning
Over her horse's neck, in a whisper said to John Estaugh:
"Tarry a while behind, for I have something to tell thee,
Not to be spoken lightly, nor in the presence of others;
Them it concerneth not, only thee and me it concerneth."
And they rode slowly along through the woods, conversing together.
It was a pleasure to breathe the fragrant air of the forest;
It was a pleasure to live on that bright and happy May morning!

Then Elizabeth said, though still with a certain reluctance,
As if impelled to reveal a secret she fain would have guarded:
"I will no longer conceal what is laid upon me to tell thee;
I have received from the Lord a charge to love thee, John Estaugh."

And John Estaugh made answer, surprised at the words she had spoken:

"Pleasant to me are thy converse, thy ways, thy meekness of spirit;
Pleasant thy frankness of speech, and thy soul's immaculate whiteness,
Love without dissimulation, a holy and inward adorning.
But I have yet no light to lead me, no voice to direct me.
When the Lord's work is done, and the toil and the labor completed
He hath appointed to me, I will gather into the stillness
Of my own heart awhile, and listen and wait for his guidance."

Then Elizabeth said, not troubled nor wounded in spirit:
"So is it best, John Estaugh. We will not speak of it further.
It hath been laid upon me to tell thee this, for tomorrow
Thou art going away, across the sea, and I know not
When I shall see thee more; but if the Lord hath decreed it,
Thou wilt return again to seek me here and to find me."
And they rode onward in silence, and entered the town with the others.

IV.

Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing,
Only a signal shown and a distant voice in the darkness;

So on the ocean of life, we pass and speak one another,
Only a look and a voice, then darkness again and a silence.

Now went on as of old the quiet life of the homestead.
Patient and unrepining Elizabeth labored, in all things
Mindful not of herself, but bearing the burdens of others,
Always thoughtful and kind and untroubled; and Hannah the housemaid,
Diligent early and late, and rosy with washing and scouring,
Still as of old disparaged the eminent merits of Joseph,
And was at times reproved for her light and frothy behavior,
For her shy looks, and her careless words, and her evil surmisings,
Being pressed down somewhat, like a cart with sheaves overladen,
As she would sometimes say to Joseph, quoting the Scriptures.

Meanwhile John Estaugh departed across the sea, and departing
Carried hid in his heart a secret sacred and precious,
Filling its chambers with fragrance, and seeming to him in its sweetness
Mary's ointment of spikenard, that filled all the house with its odor.
O lost days of delight, that are wasted in doubting and waiting!

O lost hours and days in which we might have been happy!
But the light shone at last, and guided his wavering footsteps,
And at last came the voice, imperative, questionless, certain.

Then John Estaugh came back o'er the sea for the gift that was offered,
Better than houses and lands, the gift of a woman's affection.
And on the First-Day that followed, he rose in the Silent Assembly,
Holding in his strong hand a hand that trembled a little,
Promising to be kind and true and faithful in all things.
Such were the marriage rites of John and Elizabeth Estaugh.

And not otherwise Joseph, the honest, the diligent servant,
Sped in his bashful wooing with homely Hannah the housemaid;
For when he asked her the question, she answered, "Nay;" and then added:
"But thee may make believe, and see what will come of it, Joseph."

INTERLUDE.

"A PLEASANT and a winsome tale,"
The Student said, "though somewhat pale
And quiet in its coloring,

As if it caught its tone and air
From the gray suits that Quakers wear;
Yet worthy of some German bard,
Hebel, or Voss, or Eberhard,
Who love of humble themes to sing,
In humble verse; but no more true
Than was the tale I told to you."

The Theologian made reply,
And with some warmth, "That I deny;
'T is no invention of my own,
But something well and widely known
To readers of a riper age,
Writ by the skilful hand that wrote
The Indian tale of Hobomok,
And Philothea's classic page.
I found it like a waif afloat,
Or dulse uprooted from its rock,
On the swift tides that ebb and flow
In daily papers, and at flood
Bear freighted vessels to and fro,
But later, when the ebb is low,
Leave a long waste of sand and mud."

"It matters little," quoth the Jew;
"The cloak of truth is lined with lies,
Sayeth some proverb old and wise;
And Love is master of all arts,
And puts it into human hearts
The strangest things to say and do."

16. The fullest account of this author is to be found in *Letters of Lydia Maria Child, with a Biographical Introduction by John G. Whittier, and an Appendix by Wendell Phillips*, 1883.

And here the controversy closed
Abruptly, ere 't was well begun;
For the Sicilian interposed
With, "Lordlings, listen, every one
That listen may, unto a tale
That 's merrier than the nightingale;
A tale that cannot boast, forsooth,
A single rag or shred of truth;
That does not leave the mind in doubt
As to the with it or without;
A naked falsehood and absurd
As mortal ever told or heard.
Therefore I tell it; or, maybe,
Simply because it pleases me."

63. **Longfellow's Paul Revere's Ride**, etc. *Paper*, .15.
64, 65, 66. Lambs' Tales from Shakespeare. In three parts, each, *paper*, .15. Nos. 64, 65, 66, one vol., *linen*, .50.
67. Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar. *Paper*, .15; *linen*, .25
68. Goldsmith's Deserted Village, etc. *Paper*, .15; *linen*, .25.
69. Hawthorne's The Old Manse, etc. *Pa.*, .15. Nos. 40, 69, one vol.. *linen*, .40.
70. A Selection from Whittier's Child Life in Poetry. *Paper*, .15.
71. A Selection from Whittier's Child Life in Prose. *Paper*, .15. Nos 70, 71, one vol., *linen*, .40
72. Milton's Minor Poems. *Pa.*, .15; *linen*, .25. Nos. 72, 94, one vol., *linen*, .40.
73. Tennyson's Enoch Arden, etc. *Paper*, .15; *linen*, .25.
74. Gray's Elegy, etc.; Cowper's John Gilpin, etc. *Paper*, .15.
75. Scudder's George Washington. *Paper*, .30; *linen*, .40.
76. Wordsworth's On the Intimations of Immortality, etc. *Paper*, .15.
77. Burns's Cotter's Saturday Night, etc. *Paper*, .15; *linen*, .25.
78. Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield. *Paper*, .30; *linen*, .40.
79. Lamb's Old China, etc. *Paper*, .15.
80. Coleridge's Ancient Mariner, etc.; Campbell's Lochiel's Warning, etc. *Paper*, .15; *linen*, .25.
81. Holmes's Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table. *Paper*, .45; *linen*, .50.
82. Hawthorne's Twice-Told Tales. *Paper*, .50; *linen*, .60.
83. Eliot's Silas Marner. *Paper*, .30; *linen*, .40.
84. Dana's Two Years Before the Mast. *Linen*, .60.
85. Hughes's Tom Brown's School Days. *Paper*, .45; *linen*, .50.
86. Scott's Ivanhoe. *Paper*, .50; *linen*, .60.
87. Defoe's Robinson Crusoe. *Paper*, .50; *linen*, .60.
88. Stowe's Uncle Tom's Cabin. *Linen*, .60.
89. Swift's Gulliver's Voyage to Lilliput. *Paper*, .15.
90. Swift's Gulliver's Voyage to Brobdingnag. *Paper*, .15. Nos. 89, 90, one vol., *linen*, .40.
91. Hawthorne's House of the Seven Gables. *Paper*, .50; *linen*, .60.
92. Burroughs's A Bunch of Herbs, etc. *Paper*, .15.
93. Shakespeare's As You Like It. *Paper*, .15; *linen*, .25.
94. Milton's Paradise Lost. Books I–III. *Paper*, .15.
95, 96, 97, 98. Cooper's Last of the Mohicans. In four parts, each, *paper*, .15. Nos. 95–98, complete, *linen*, .60.
99. Tennyson's Coming of Arthur, etc. *Paper*, .15.
100. Burke's Speech on Conciliation with the Colonies. *Pa.*, .15; *linen*, .25.
101. Pope's Iliad. Books I, VI, XXII, XXIV. *Paper*, .15; *linen*, .25.
102. Macaulay's Johnson and Goldsmith. *Paper*, .15; *linen*, .25.
103. Macaulay's Essay on John Milton. *Paper*, .15; *linen*, .25.
104. Macaulay's Life and Writings of Addison. *Paper*, .15; *linen*, .25. Nos. 103, 104, one vol., *linen*, .40.
105. Carlyle's Essay on Burns. *Paper*, .15; *linen*, .25.
106. Shakespeare's Macbeth. *Paper*, .15; *linen*, .25.
107, 108. Grimms' Tales. In two parts, each, *paper*, .15. Nos. 107, 108, one vol., *linen*, .40.
109. Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. *Paper*, .30; *linen*, .40.
110. De Quincey's Flight of a Tartar Tribe. *Paper*, .15; *linen*, .25.
111. Tennyson's Princess. *Paper*, .30. *Also, in Rolfe's Students' Series, to Teachers*, .53.
112. Virgil's Æneid. Books I–III. Translated by CRANCH. *Paper*, .15.
113. Poems from Emerson. *Paper*, .15. Nos. 113, 42, one vol., *linen*, .40.
114. Peabody's Old Greek Folk Stories. *Paper*, .15; *linen*, .25.
115. Browning's Pied Piper of Hamelin, etc. *Paper*, .15; *linen*, .25.
116. Shakespeare's Hamlet. *Paper*, .30. *linen*, .40.
117, 118. Stories from the Arabian Nights. In two parts, each, *paper*, .15. Nos. 117, 118, one vol., *linen*, .40.
119. Poe's The Raven, The Fall of the House of Usher, etc. *Paper*, .15.
120. Poe's The Gold-Bug, etc. *Paper*, .15. Nos. 119, 120, one vol., *linen*, 40
121. Speech by Robert Young Hayne on Foote's Resolution. *Paper*, .15.
122. Speech by Daniel Webster in Reply to Hayne. *Paper*, .15. Nos. 121 122, one vol., *linen*, .40.
123. Lowell's Democracy, etc. *Paper*, .15. Nos. 39, 123, one vol., *linen*, .40.
124. Aldrich's Baby Bell, etc. *Paper*, .15.
125. Dryden's Palamon and Arcite. *Paper*, .15; *linen*, .25.
126. Ruskin's King of the Golden River, etc. *Paper*, .15; *linen*, .25.
127. Keats's Ode on a Grecian Urn, etc. *Paper*, .15.
128. Byron's Prisoner of Chillon, etc. *Paper*, .15; *linen*, .25.
129. Plato's Judgment of Socrates. Translated by P. E. MORE. *Paper* .15.
130. Emerson's The Superlative, and Other Essays. *Paper*, .15.
131. Emerson's Nature, and Compensation. *Paper*, .15.
132. Arnold's Sohrab and Rustum, etc. *Paper*, .15; *linen*, .25.
133 Schurz's Abraham Lincoln *Paper*, .15.

The Riverside Literature Series — *Continued*

134. Scott's Lay of the Last Minstrel. *Paper, .20. Also in Rolfe's Students' Series. Teachers' net, .28.*
135. Chaucer's Prologue. *Paper, .15; linen, .25.*
136. Chaucer's The Knight's Tale and The Nun's Priest's Tale. *Paper, .15.*
Nos. 135, 136, one vol., *linen, .40.*
137. Bryant's Iliad. Books I, VI, XXII, and XXIV. *Paper, .15.*
138. Hawthorne's The Custom House and Main Street. *Paper, .15.*
139. Howells's Boston Boyhood and Other Sketches. *Paper, .15.*
140. Thackeray's Henry Esmond. *Linen, .25.*
141. Three Outdoor Papers, by Thomas Wentworth Higginson. *Paper, .15.*
142. Ruskin's Sesame and Lilies. *Paper, .15; linen, .25.*
143. Plutarch's Life of Alexander the Great. North's Translation. *Paper, .15.*
144. Scudder's The Book of Legends. *Paper, .15; linen, .25.*
145. Hawthorne's The Gentle Boy, etc. *Paper, .15; linen, .25.*
146. Longfellow's Giles Corey. *Paper, .15.*
147. Pope's Rape of the Lock, etc. *Paper, .15; linen, .25.*
148. Hawthorne's Marble Faun. *Linen, .40.*
149. Shakespeare's Twelfth Night. *Paper, .15; linen, .25.*
150. Guida's Dog of Flanders, and Other Stories. *Paper, .15; linen, .25.*
151. Ewing's Jackanapes, and Daddy Darwin's Dovecot. *Paper, .15; linen, .25.*
152. Martineau's The Peasant and the Prince. *Paper, .20; linen, .40.*
153. Shakespeare's Midsummer Night's Dream. *Paper, .15; linen, .25.*
154. Shakespeare's Tempest. *Paper, .15; linen, .25.*
155. Irving's Life of Goldsmith. *Paper, .35; linen, .50.*
156. Tennyson's Gareth and Lynette. *Paper, .15; linen, .25.*
157. The Song of Roland. Translated by [illegible] BUTLER. *Paper, .35; linen, .40.*
158. Malory's Book of Merlin and Boyhood of Sir Balin. *Paper, .15; linen, .25.*
159. Beowulf. Translated by C. G. Child. *Paper, .15; linen, .25.*
160. Spenser's Faerie Queene. Book I. *Paper, .30; linen, .40.*
161. Dickens's Tale of Two Cities. *Paper, .15; linen, .30.*
162. Prose and Poetry of Occupations. Selections. *Paper, .15; linen, .25.*
163. Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar. *Paper, .15; linen, .25.*
164. Defoe's Journal of the Plague Year. The English Mail-Coach. *Paper, .15; linen, .25.*
165. Scott's Quentin Durward. *Paper, .30; linen, .50.*
166. Carlyle's Heroes and Hero-Worship. *Paper, .35; linen, .50.*
167. Newton's Methods of Work. *Paper, .15; cloth, .25.*
168. Shelley's Prometheus Unbound. *Paper, .15; linen, .30.*
169. Lowell's My Garden Acquaintance, etc. *Paper, .15.*
170. Lamb's Essays of Elia. Selections. *Paper, .20; linen, .40.*
171, 172. Emerson's Essays. Selections. In two parts, each, *paper, .15. Nos. 171, 172, one vol., linen, .40.*
173. Kate Douglas Wiggin's Tales of Laughter. *Paper, .15; linen, .25.*
174. Kate Douglas Wiggin's Timothy's Quest. *Paper, .15; linen, .25.*
175. Bliss Perry's Memories and Meditations. *Paper, .15; linen, .25.*
176. Burroughs's Birds and Poets. *Paper, .15; linen, .25.*
177. Bacon's Essays. *Paper, .20; linen, .40.*
178. Selections from the Works of John Fiske. *Paper, .35; linen, .50.*
179. King Arthur Stories from Malory. *Paper, .30; linen, .40.*
180. Famous Odysseys. *Abridged Edition. Paper, .15.*
181, 182. Goldsmith's The Good-Natured Man, and She Stoops to Conquer. Each, *paper, .15; linen, .30.*
183. Old English and Scottish Ballads. *Paper, .30; linen, .40.*
184. Shakespeare's King Lear. *Paper, .15; linen, .25.*
185. Marcus's Abraham Lincoln. *Paper, .15; linen, .25.*
186. Thoreau's Kate[illegible] and Pleasure[illegible]. *Paper, .15; linen, .25.*

[illegible] NUMBERS

A American Authors [illegible]. *Paper, .15.*
B Portraits and Biographical [illegible] of 20 American Authors. *Paper, .15.*
C A Longfellow [illegible].
D Scudder's Life [illegible].
L Dialogue and Stories from [illegible] Stowe. *Paper, .15.*
F Longfellow [illegible].
G Whittier Leaflet. *Paper, .15; linen, .30.*
H Holmes Leaflet. *Paper, .15; linen, .30.*
I Riverside Leaflet. *Paper, .15.*
K The Riverside Primer and [illegible]. *Linen, .30.*
L The Riverside Speller. *Boards, .40.*
M Lowell's Prose Criticism. *Paper, .30.*
N Selections from and Writings [illegible] American Authors. *Paper, .15.*
O Lowell Leaflet. *Paper, .15; linen, .30.*
P Holbrook's Riverside Primer. *Linen, .30.*
Q Selections from the Writings [illegible]. *Paper, .15.*
R Hawthorne's Prose and [illegible]. *Paper, .15; linen, .25.*
S Irving's Essays from Sketch Book. Selected. *Paper, .30; linen, .40.*
T Literature in the Study of Language. Course. *Paper, .30; linen, .40.*
U A Brief Survey of the Romantic Movement. *Paper, .15.*
V Holbrook's Book of Nature Myths. *Linen, .45.*
W Brown's Home Days of Poets. *Linen, .50.*
X Poems for the Study of Language. [illegible] Course of Study). *Paper, .30; linen, .40.* Also in parts, each, *paper, .15.*
Y Warner's Being a Boy. *Paper, .20; linen, .30.*
Z Nine Selected Poems. [illegible] Forest Pageants. *Paper, .15; linen, .25.*

S0-FQG-322